**Hadrian Pendragon - The Rise of a King**
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# Hadrian Pendragon - The Rise of a King

by Butterball (Butterball_0)

Summary

Hadrian is back at it causing chaos for Dumbledore and his minions. Alliances are strengthened, chaos is created, and Hadrian, Draco, and all their friends are up to no good - for Dumbledore.

Notes

This installment? Squeal? Something along those lines should cover years 2, 3, and 4 for Hadrian at Hogwarts. Why? Because I finally have an idea where this story is going to end. Well, kind of. The point is, there was no need to create a separate title story for each so I just put them all together. So, this one will most likely be longer than the previous one because if it takes me a little over 40,000 words to write one year, multiply that by 3 and you get 120,000 words. But then again, I'm probably not going to spend as much time on each year, so maybe not. Who knows?

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Burn to flame and reborn from Ashes by Luin_Gwilwileth

# Conversations

Chapter Summary

Lots and lots of talking. That's essentially it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

***AN: I am in the process of removing the rolling of the sleeves thing from the last book? Story? Installment? Whatever. The point is, it will no longer matter or will be mentioned.***

Hadrian's POV -

The first week of Summer Break was very enjoyable all things considered. Hadrian read through a ton of books from the darkest corners of the Black Library present at their Townhouse, the Light Faction didn't try to create any bill he would have to worry about, and all his friends were having fun with their families. Well, everyone except the Weasley twins who were more acquaintances than friends. They had to deal with their brat of a little brother and Percy Weasley, a stickler for the rules.

Hadrian got dressed in his formal robes and flooed to the Wizengamot. He looked around and found Marvolo, Lucius, and Lord Avery. Hadrian walked towards them.

"Lord Peverell-Potter, lovely to see you again," Lucius greeted him.

"It's wonderful to see you again as well, Lord Malfoy," Hadrian replied. "Lord Slytherin. Lord Avery."

"Lord Peverell-Potter," Marvolo greeted. Lord Avery nodded at him. Hadrian looked around the room a bit more and noticed a huddle of members of the Light Faction. Someone was wearing neon purple robes with bright yellow lighting bolts on them. "I see you have found Dumbledore," Marvolo commented.

"Do you think he does this to draw attention to himself or is he color blind?" Hadrian asked.

"Probably to draw attention to himself. I was in Hogwarts when he

defeated the previous Dark Lord. He only started wearing that after he defeated him. Before that, he was always wearing gold and red for Gryffindor," Marvolo explained. Hadrian nodded.

Lucius banged the gavel down signaling the being of the session. Everyone got in their seats and settled down.

"Now, before we begin, are there any-"

Over 20 seats started to appear and glow in the Light Faction's area before disappearing. Everyone stared in disbelief.

Dumbledore stood up and said, "I believe this makes me Chief Warlock, no?" Dumbledore started to make his way to the Chief Warlock's seat. Lucius stood up and went back to his seat as Dumbledore took his. Hadrian looked at Marvolo and Marvolo in turn stared at Hadrian. Both are in disbelief.

"Now," Dumbledore started, grinning. "Any new business before we begin?"

Hadrian had already claimed his seats in the past session and didn't see any new faces.

"In that case, first on the docket is a …"

~About 2 hours later~

~At Malfoy Manor~

Hadrian practically plopped on the couch in Malfoy Manor's living room. Marvolo sat on a cozy looking chair and Lucius did the same.

"Where did he get all those seats from?" Marvolo asked aloud.

"No idea," Lucius said.

"At least he didn't pass too many laws," Hadrian commented.

"Yes, but he will. And most of what he wants to pass are creature restriction bills from what I've seen on the docket for the next meeting. The founding laws can't provent those," Lucius said. Marvolo nodded.

"And they have Fudge on their side, along with that todd. What's her name again?" Hadrian asked.

“Dolores Umbridge. She hates Dumbledore from what I’ve seen. But it seems like they have teamed up to pass those bills,” Lucius answered.

“Do you think he is using your seats, Hadrian?” Marvolo asked.

“Impossible. The goblins and Severus would have been made aware if he took magical guardianship which is the only way he can get to my seats. Wait, give me a second,” Hadrian said before leaving the room. Lucius looked at Marvolo who was seemingly as confused as he was. Hadrian came back with two pieces of paper. “Luicus, how much does the headmaster get paid?”

“1400 galleons a month, why?”

“And being Cheif Warlock?” Hadrian asked Lucius, ignoring the question.

“1000 galleons a month, again why do you want to know this?”

“And being the Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards?” Hadrian asked.

“I’m not sure but I’m pretty sure its about 1300 galleons. Why do you want to know Hadrian?” Lucius asked. Hadrian showed them a piece of paper with the bottom tore off.

Potter Accounting

Date: 8 August 1991

5000 galleons deposited to Albus Dumbledore - monthly

500 galleons deposited to Petunia Dursley - monthly

1000 galleons deposited to Molly Weasley (née Prewitt) - monthly

1300 galleons deposited to the Bird Fund - monthly

1000 galleons deposited to Ginerva Weasley - monthly

1000 galleons deposited to Ron Weasley - monthly

1000 galleons deposited to Hermione Granger - monthly

68 artifacts taken from the Vault

300 books taken from the Vault

Potter Family Grimoire taken from the Vault

In total - every month 10800 galleons are taken from the Potter Main Vault each month. ***AN: This is about a lot of money. Going off the idea that 1 galleon equals 5 GBP. GBP 54,000 was leaving his vault monthly before he stopped them. Thats USD 70,037. In other words, a lot of money.***

“You have-” Marvolo started.

“Yes, I have the artifacts and the grimoire back and all those numbers are being taken from Dumbledore’s vault, not mine,” Hadrian said. Lucius let out a small sigh and Marvolo nodded.

Hadrian scribbled something down on the back of the paper. “Dumbledore can’t afford to pay all these people.”

Marvolo and Lucius stared at him.

“What do you mean?” Lucius asked.

“I mean Dumbledore is being payed ruffly 44,000 galleons a year and has been in these positions for about 25 years give or take. Presuming that he has spent about 100,000 galleons over the past 2 decades and a half, he should have about 1 million galleons saved in his vault. Since the Dumbledore’s aren’t an old family, the family vault probably doesn’t have more that 500,000 galleons in it. So he should have ruffly 1.5 million galleons in his vault. Since the point where he started to pay his puppets from his vault, he should be charged a little over 10 million galleons. In other words…” Hadrian trailed off.

“He should be in debt,” Marvolo finished. “But he’s not.” Hadrian nodded. Lucius looked confused for a second before his eyes lit up.

“You think he is using other people’s vaults and now their seats to fund himself and boost the Light Faction,” Lucius said. Hadrian nodded. “But why wait til now? Also whose seats would he be using?”

“Well, no offense to you Hadrian, but he is a lot like Hadrian. Both like to keep their cards close to their chest so to speak. Hadrian and Dumbledore don’t like to reveal all their cards at once but rather use them as necessary. Dumbledore didn’t need to use the other people’s seats until now because he held the majority.” Marvolo explained. “That being said, I’m not sure where he got those seats from.”

“There was a study done if Japan, I think that shows that muggleborns come from squibs who live in the muggle world. So he probably is taking the seats from muggleborns who he is either the magical guardian of or he had them give him their seats. Either way, the point is, if this is the case, which it most likely is, there is no way to stop him,” Hadrian explained. Lucius and Marvolo nodded solemnly.

“Can’t you use the Pendragon seats? Or the Hogwarts Founders’ seats?” Lucius asked.

“I made Marvolo the proxy of the founders’ seats awhile ago. As for the Pendragon seats, if I gave them to anyone, they would be found out pretty quickly because they would have 20 seats plus whatever they normally have,” Hadrian explained.

“Why don’t you make someone new your proxy, but publicly?” Lucius asked. Hadrian looked confused.

“What do you mean?” Hadrian asked.

“I’ve been reading up on the Pendragons and the laws about them. The Pendragon seats can have a proxy who isn’t on the Wizengamot take up their seats. They would essentially be stand-ins for you. They would have to report everything to you and would have to vote the way you want for every bill. Unlike with normal proxies where you have to trust in the proxy’s judgement, for this proxy would have to go through you for every bill and follow your wishes. The law was created for underaged holders of the seats such as yourself. Its more work then a proxy, but has a lot less risk. The downside of this though is that everyone would know that their is a descendant of Pendragon among them and would most likely start a manhunt for your identity,” Lucius explained. Hadrian nodded.

“That works. But I would have to assign the seats to a faction,” Hadrian commented.

“Well, not really. The law also says you don’t have to be assigned to a faction like the Minster,” Lucius explained.

“Okay, I’ll do that. Anyone you suggest to be my proxy?” Hadrian asked. *Everyone I know who I trust to take up the job is either busy or underage.*

“Well, there is Antonin Dolohov who is a barrister. One of many who have swore loyalty to the dark but haven’t taken the mark. I could release him from his loyalty vow to me in exchange for him being

your proxy and swearing loyalty to you," Marvolo offered.

"I was just about to say him as well. He is quite well known for being a good secret keeper and knows the law like the back of his hand. We could always put your identity under a fidelus if things get to serious," Lucius said. Hadrian nodded.

"I would like to meet him before deciding," Hadrian said.

"Would next week be acceptable?" Marvolo asked. Hadrian nodded.

"Malfoy Manor?" Hadrian asked.

"That would be fine," Lucius answered.

SLAM!

The door to the living room slammed open with one Severus Snape storming into the room. He was muttering up a storm and pacing. Hadrian looked towards Marvolo who looked at Lucius. Lucius sighed.

"Sev, why don't you stop muttering and explain whats going on?" Lucius asked. Severus stopped pacing and looked at them.

"Dumbledore is hiring that egotistical fool Lockhart as the DADA teacher," Severus said annoyed.

"But he can't hire anyone without the approval of the board," Lucius said confused.

"He had a meeting today with only the members of the board who support him. They allowed him to be hired," Severus replied.

"Then that means that Lucius can have the board do another meeting and get him out of a job," Hadrian commented.

"No, I can't. If a teaching contract is approve, it cannot be under revision, or in this case, be removed, until after the midterms. Which are in March," Lucius said. Hadrian sighed.

"And all the teachers agreed to this idot being a teacher?" Marvolo asked, confused.

"Fillus and Ponema disagreed with the decision, but Minerva agreed," Severus grumbled. Marvolo looked confused.

“Minerva? As in Minerva McGonagall?” Marvolo asked.

“Yes, why?” Severus asked.

“Because I went to school with her. She was a year below me and was famous for being strict and fair with all her fellow students. Think of what Madam Bones is described as and that would be her. She also hates favortism and bad teachers. I remember a few times when she would complain about Dumbledore to her Ravenclaw friends because all of her friends in Gryffindor worshipped him,” Marvolo said fondly.

“Well, she supports Dumbledore in everything now. I swear if Dumbledore told her to jump off a cliff, she would do it,” Severus grumbled. Marvolo looked at Hadrian, who sighed.

“You think she is under compulsions,” Hadrian muttered. Severus stared at Hadrian.

“And you thinks she isn’t?” Marvolo asked.

“Well, its not like we can do anything about it. We would have to convince her to go to Gringotts, get a cleansing, and get protection, somehow,” Hadrian replied.

“He has a point, what can we do about her even if she is under compulsions?” Severus added.

“I agree. There is nothing we can do now even, so there is no point in worrying about it,” Lucius commented. Marvolo nodded.

“So, same time next week to meet with Dolohov?” Lucius asked. Hadrian nodded before getting up and burying himself in a pile of books.

Chapter End Notes

> This has absolutely nothing to do with the chapter but I find this quote hilarious. "Always forgive your enemies - nothing annoys them so much." - Oscar Wilde.
> All feedback is greatly appreciated. Have a wonderful day!

# Let's Check in on the Others

Chapter Summary

Basically, a bunch of other people's POVs during summer break.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Albus Dumbledore's POV -

Albus walked around Hogwarts with a huge grin on his face. He looked like he just won the lottery. Albus entered the staff meeting room. All the teachers looked at him as he entered.

"Good afternoon, apologies for being late. I was held up at the Wizengamot for longer than I anticipated," he said with a fake smile. "Everyone is done with their preparation for next year, correct?" Various methods of "yes" went through the room, coming from each teacher. Albus smiled. "Then I hope everyone has a wonderful break and I will see you all next year." Albus got up to leave.

"Wait, Albus!" Fillus exclaimed from behind. Albus turned around.

"Yes?" He asked.

"We were wondering who the new DADA teacher will be seeing as Qurines has decided to leave us," Fillus explained. The other teachers nodded along. Albus smiled.

"Of course. It has been decided that Gilderoy Lockhart will be taking up the position," Albus said before leaving. Ignoring questions coming from his staff.

He made his way to his office. Up the stairs, past Fawkes, and to his desk. The floo flared. Albus got up and went over to it, and saw Molly in the fire.

"Molly, why are you calling me?" Albus said in the fakest nice tone.

"ALBUS!" She whined. "Nothing is going according to plan! My sweet Ginny hasn't even seen that boy and my Ronniekins hasn't been able to guide him towards the light. He even says that he is being bullied by those awful snakes! And that boy! That boy ruined everything! He

hasn't spoken to me once and sent back all the letters I sent him! He avoids me! How are we going to get rich off him if he acts like we don't exist? Nothing is working!"

"Molly," Albus said placatingly. "I'm sure everything will work out, we just need to be patient and more direct with our persuasion. The moment he steps back into Hogwarts, I will make sure he is the person we need him to be. Even if he has to do it begrudgingly."

"Of course Albus," Molly said. "What do you need me to do?"

Ron Weasley's POV -

~About a month later, in early July~

~3:00 PM~

"MOM!" Ron yelled from his bedroom. He was still in bed, having just woken up. Thumps could be heard from someone going up the stairs.

"MOM!" He yelled again. His bedroom door swung open.

"Yes, dear?" His mother asked.

"I'M HUNGRY!" He whined.

"I'll go get your lunch," his mother said before closing the door. Thumps could be heard going down the stairs. A few moments later, thumps could be heard going back up the stairs. The door to Ron's bedroom swung open again.

"Ronniekinns, for your lunch, I made your favorite," his mother said sweetly. Ron looked up and saw the glass of butterbeer she was holding as well as a plate full of mac and cheese. He immediately made grabbing motions towards the food as his stomach rumbled. "Dearest, be careful, you won't want to get any on your pajamas," his mother warned. Ron ignored her in favor of shoving as much food into his mouth as possible. Only stopping to take a sip every now and then. His mother eventually left the room.

Ginny Weasley's POV -

Ginerva "Ginny" Weasley has a major problem. She didn't know what dress to wear to go to Diagon Alley! *I have to wear something nice. But! It can't be too fancy cause then I'm over-dressing and it can't be too simple because then people will think I'm poor. It can't be too sexy cause people*

*will think I'm a flirt but it can't be too modest because people will think I'm basic. And it has to be stunning cause A. I want to make people jealous and B. because I might run into Harry and he has to fall for me at first sight. I should go for something cute just to be safe.* Ginny ends up wearing a dark red dress with a skirt just above the knees. The dress had gold accents and a gold belt around the waist with a bow on the back.

"Ginny dear, we are about to leave! Are you ready yet?" Her mother asked.

"Coming!" She yelled back. Running down the stairs, she slipped her shoes on before meeting the rest of her family at the fireplace. She glanced around and saw her mother in her house clothes. Ginny has to stop herself from wrinkling her nose in disgust. Fred and George had casual looks which Ginny supposed was acceptable. Percy looked normal and her awful brother Ron looked like he just got out of bed, which Ginny supposed wasn't inaccurate. Ginny was ashamed to be standing near most of her siblings and her mother.

"We're all here?" Her mother asked. Everyone nodded. "Then, let's go. Remember to say Diagon Alley clearly."

Moments later, the entire Weasley clan, except their father and the two oldest, were in the Leaky Cauldron.

"All right, let's go to the bookstore, I need to get all of your Lockhart books for DADA." Her mother said before leading them to the store. Said store was packed full of people. They were standing shoulder to shoulder with another person. Ginny pushed her way to the front of the store. There she saw someone, but not just anyone Lockhart! Ginny immediately went to her mother.

"Lockhart is here sighing his books! I have to get his signature!" She demanded.

"Of course dear," her mother replied.

Her mother grabbed a set of Lockhart books and pushed her way to the front, where Lockhart was. Ginny followed swiftly after.

"Yes, yes, it is I! Gilderory Lockhart, the slayer of an entire werewolf pack and 13 vampires!" Lockhart exclaimed loudly.

Draco Malfoy's POV -

Draco glanced to the right and saw Hadrian roll his eyes.

“I see myself and my family aren’t the only ones who think he’s a fraud,” Draco commented. Hadrian nudged Draco to the left. Draco looked at him before looking at where he was pointing. “Weasleys,” Draco snarled. He saw their iconic red hair moving through the crowds.

“Oh my! If it isn’t the Boy Who Lived, Harry Potter!” Lockhart yelled before pulling Hadrian to his side. Hadrian immediately pulled out of the pseudo-hug and glared at Lockhart.

“My name is Hadrian Peverell-Potter. Not Harry Potter in case you haven’t heard,” He said.

“Come on now! We should get a picture taken for the front cover! And of course, I have to give you a set of my books, all signed of course.” Lockhart shoved a collection of books at Hadrian who immediately gave them to the person next to him.

“Do all of us a favor and give them to someone who needs them,” Hadrian said still glaring at the buffoon. Lockhart had a forced smile on.

“Ah, the Boy Who Lived always putting others before himself. So nice! But, you still need my books! After all, though you may be the person who defeated You-Know-How, can you kill 20 vampires and 5 giants?” Lockhart asked self-righteously as he handed Hadrian another set of books. Hadrian just sighed and moved to leave the area, and probably the store. *Or maybe he’s going outside to throw those books in the nearest bin, who knows?* Draco left soon after Hadrian.

Ginny Weasley’s POV -

*Harry’s here! Harry’s here! Oh, I have to meet him. After all, how else will we fall in love if he doesn’t know I exist?*

“Mom!” She yelled. Her mother turned to her.

“Yes, sweetie?” She asked.

“Harry’s here! And he just left! I have to follow him outside!” Ginny exclaimed before leaving her mother, who took a moment before following after. As Ginny left the store, she looked around the alley. “MOM! Where’s Harry? I saw him go outside!” She whined.

“I don’t know sweetie. I’m sure the two of you will see each other very often at school. You should wait til then,” her mother said. Ginny

pouted but otherwise accepted that reasoning. Her mother sighed.

Antonin Dolohov's POV -

Antonin was enjoying a nice steaming cup of tea when an owl flew in from the window with a letter attached to its leg. *I hope this is something important. Most of my clients know I have the weekends off.* He took the letter off and went to the cabinet to get something to feed the owl. Antonin fed the owl who was still sitting on the windowsill and looked at the wax seal on the letter. *From the Malfoys huh? Must be important if he's sending something to me.* Antonin broke the seal on the letter.

Dear Antonin Dolohov,

Myself, and two others would like you to come to Malfoy Manor in two weeks at 2:00 PM. If this is not acceptable for you, please let me know.

From,

Lord Lucius Malfoy of the Noble House of Malfoy.

Antonin sighed and took a sip of tea before getting up and penning a response.

Fred Weasley's POV -

~The next day~

Fred and his twin, George were hauled up in the room again to avoid the incoming tantrums of their two youngest sibling. Well, that and to make more prank products. Fred, like his twin, was ashamed to be related to the brats who responded to the names Ginny and Ron.

Ron couldn't ever wake up at a reasonable time and as a result, they were almost always late to planned outings with their family. Ron was also a horrendous player in Quidditch. He says he want's to be a keeper for the Gryffindor House Team but sucks at it because he always avoids the ball.  And Ginny took forever to pick an outfit despite having an entire walk-in closet full of clothes organized by color.

The worst part about having them as siblings is that they get everything they want. Ron wants a new broom despite having one that's only a year old, sure! But if either of the twins wanted to replace

their brooms, which were probably older than their house, nope! Ginny wants another 5 ball gowns despite having never worn a single one, sure! But if George wants a new pair of pants when his current ones have holes in them, he has to wait until their birthday!

“Hey, George, what do you think of a candy that makes people have the symptoms of being sick, but they aren’t really. You know, so they can get out of class. And once they are out of class, they can take a cure,” Fred asked his twin.

“That’s a great idea!” George exclaimed.

“BUT MOOOOOOM!!!” A voice yelled from downstairs. George gave his twin a knowing look. “I NEED TO LOOK PERFECT FOR WHEN I MEET HARRY!!!” Their sister yelled. Fred snickered.

“But moooom!” He mimicked their sister, “I need to look perfect for when Hadrian ignores me!” George burst out laughing. Fred joined in.

“I NEED TO GET THIS DRESS!!!” Their sister whined even louder than before.

“AND I NEED THIS JERSEY! ITS AN EXCLUSIVE FROM THE CHUDLEY CANONS!!!” Their youngest brother yelled. George rolled his eyes.

A few moments later, the waterworks were turned on. You could hear the two youngest of the Weasley clan crying from 5 stories up, which was where Fred and George’s room was.

“Watch mom cave to their demands’ Fred said, “In five, four, three, two, one.”

Loud sniffles could be heard, and a tiny “really” as well.

“Called it,” Fred commented.

“It's a miracle Dad’s not bankrupt yet. I wouldn’t be surprised if we lost the house with the amount of money Mom’s gonna be spending on their latest shopping trip,” George added.

“Anyway, why don’t we start planning our newest product?” Fred asked his twin with an evil-looking grin.

“Why not? We even have two volunteers to test it out,” George replied

with the same smile.

Ginny Weasley’s POV -

Out in Diagon Alley, Ron and Ginny Weasley had a shudder pass through them. *Must be the wind.*

Chapter End Notes

"Other people's behavior is none of my business." - Jane Green
All feedback is greatly appreciated. Have a wonderful day!

# Back to School

Chapter Summary

> Hadrian and the rest of the now second year Slytherins go back to Hogwarts.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hadrian's POV -

~September 1 ~

Hadrian was waiting for his friends on Platform 9 ¾. *Whose idea was it to name a "Platform 9 ¾"? Couldn't name it Platform 0 or Platform 100?*

"Hey! Harry!" A voice yelled from behind. Hadrian sighed and started walking forward, towards the train.

"Hey! Harry! Wait up!" The voice yelled again. *I'm 90% sure that's Weasley. If you were anyone else, I might have waited for you.* Hadrian sped up significantly.

"Hey!" The presumed Weasley yelled breathlessly. "Wait UP!" Hadrian kept up his pace, practically running at this point (though in a sophisticated way, because, you know, a Lord of an esteemed house can't be seen running from someone). Hadrian eventually made it to the train after what felt like hours, quickly finding a larger compartment and casting a locking spell on the door. Hadrian sat down and laid his head against the seating, sighing. Hadrian glanced out the window and saw all his friends gathering, clearly looking for him. Hadrian pulled out his wand.

**Lumos** he cast in his mind. A light appeared at the tip of his wand and he put it close to the window. The light went out a moment later and he saw Draco's head turned towards the window. He waved a little and Draco nodded before chatting with the rest of the Slytherins.

Draco Malfoy's POV -

Draco glanced back at the window, Hadrian was slightly out of view.

“Guys, Hadrian’s already on the train. Come one, let's go before the Idiotic Duo shows up,” Draco told them before going to the train, the others trailing behind him.

“HEY! You slimy snake! What did you do with Harry!?” One Ronald Weasley yelled from off to the side of them.

“Do you know any other insults?” Blaise asked sarcastically.

“Do you think he has more than two pea-sized brain cells to develop one?” Pansy asked Blaise.

“You presume he has any brain cells,” Draco commented. Blaise and Pansy chuckled.

“OI! Mafloy! I’m talking to you!” Wealsy yelled again. Some people around him looked at him weirdly.

Draco, Blaise, Pansy, and the others continued to the train, ignoring the fool.

Hadrian’s POV -

Hadrian was reading when there was a knock on the door.

“Hadrian, it’s us,” Draco called out from the other side of the door.

Hadrian undid the locking spell and opened the door. Draco and the others began pouring in.

“So, how was your summer?” Hadrian asked Pansy.

“It was wonderful. We went to Paris and got to see the Eiffel Tower. And then, we went to Rome, Venice, and saw the Statue of Liberty. It was enormous! Was about you?” Pansy asked.

“Nothing much,” Hadrian replied. “Your sister’s going to Hogwarts, right?” Hadrian asked Daphene, changing the subject.

“Yep, as a first year. I can’t wait to show her around the Castle,” Daphne said softly. Hadrian nodded.

“Cool.”

“Draco, you do anything fun over the summer?” Blaise asked.

“No really, mostly hanging out around the house and studying

material for next year," Draco answered, leaning against the back of the seat.

~A few hours later~

Hadrian and the rest of his friends got changed and got off the train. They followed the rest of the older years who were going to carriages.

"They're being pulled by Thestrals," Draco whispered into his ear, answering his unanswered question. Hadrian thanked him silently as he and his friends went into carriages. Hadrian and Draco went by themselves while everyone got into groups of 4.

Hadrian looked out the window as they went along the path to Hogwarts. Trees, lamposts, and a few birds flew by. Draco nudged him. Hadrian looked at him.

"You're going to need to have a speech ready. And all the new Slytherins are going to join the court," Draco said.

"Alright," Hadrian sighed.

"Sev is also going to be there and give his opening speech," Draco reminded him. Hadrian nodded.

After a few minutes, the carriages pulled into Hogwarts and Hadrian got off along with all of his friends. They made their way to the Slytherin table and left the room at the end for the new first years. The setup was the exact same as the year before. The first years walked into the hall following. They breathed nervousness.

"Please tell me we didn't look that nervous when we entered the hall," Pansy whispered. Hadrian shrugged.

"Probably," Hadrian whispered back. Hadrian zoned out during the sorting and planning his speech, only clapping when Draco clapped. Draco nudged him sometime later. Hadrian looked at him as he looked towards Dumbledore.

"Now, let's eat!" He yelled before sitting back down. Food appeared and everyone started eating and doing small talk.

~About an hour later~

After everyone had eaten, Dumbledore stood up again.

"Welcome to Hogwarts, new students, and welcome back old students.

There are a few rules that our new students must know and some of our old students must be reminded of. First and foremost, going into the Forbidden Forest is as the name suggests, forbidden. Also, there is a list of products banned from Hogwarts by Mr. Flich's office. There may be no magic used in the halls. That is all," He said before leaving the hall.

Hadrian and the rest of the gang went to the common room and made themselves comfortable. A few moments later, the first years walked in. Sev walked in.

"Welcome to Slytherin…" Sev said glancing at the first years. "I'm Professor Snape, potions master and head of your house. As I'm sure you heard Professor McGonagall explain, your house is your family. That is truer than ever for Slytherins. We are not seen as a favorable house outside these walls. Therefore, there are a few rules to make sure everything runs smoothly. First and foremost, everything that happens in this house, stays in this house. I don't want to hear you gossiping to your friends about the problems in Slytherin. If you see a Slytheirn in danger, you defend them, even if they are your worst enemy. You will defend them. Secondly, all fourth years and below must travel in groups. Third, if you break the rules, don't get caught. If you do get caught, you will find yourself with an extra detention from me. Teachers will be just as prejudiced against you as the students will be. Should you have any problems, issues, or concerns, my door is always open. My office is through the portrait with a cauldron. Ask a prefect or older student if you don't know the way. Marcus Flint is the Current Captain of Quidditch Captain, any questions having to do with Quidditch are to be directed to him. Curfew is 8 p.m. for first years on weekdays and 9 p.m. on weekends. 9 p.m. on weekdays for second years, 9:30 p.m. on weekends. 10 for thrid years on weekdays, and 10:30 on weekends. Fourth years your curfew is 11 on weekdays and 11:30 on weekends. Fifth years and up, you are old enough to make your own decisions. There is a room to your left for first years, the first hallway. There will be two hallways connected to that room. The hallway to the right leads to the boys' dorm. The hallway to the left leads to the girls' dorm." With that, Sev left the room.

One of the perfects who led the first years addressed the first years, Mario Morgan, says "Now that that's out of the way, we have to address another thing that may not be unique to Slytherin, but equally as important. My name is Mario Morgan, and this is Sabrina Rose." Said person stepped forward.

“Hello everyone, as Mario said, my name is Sabrina Rose, heir to the noble house of Rose. Myself and Mario are your 5th-year perfects. Both the houses of Slytherin and Ravenclaw have what is known as a house court system. Everyone starts as a commoner. You must work your way up the ranks to become the King of Slytherin. The current King is Hadrian Peverell-Potter, Lord of the most noble house Perevell,” Rose explained.

“There are 5 ranks above commoner,” Morgan took over. “Lesser noble, noble, high noble, prince, and king. You must beat people in this order to challenge the king. The last level you beat is the level you become. For instance, if I beat a noble but lose to a high noble, I am a noble. There is no shame in not trying for a rank in the court. There are only so many spots and those who hold each title have fought for it like you. Now, who would like to try for a spot?”

Almost every Slytherin stepped forward.

“This year Slytherins are rather ambitious,” Draco muttered to Hadrian. Hadrian agreed.

“They won’t beat Rowle, Pierce, or Lane. if they do, then they won’t beat Pansy or Theo. And Blaise would destroy them,” Hadrian added.

Morgan created a dueling platform and the pair of first-year and lesser nobles began to face off. Most of the first years lost against their opponents, except for a few. A few of them were talking.

“I’m going to destroy all of these half-blood miscreants and blood traitors,” One of them said rather confidently.

“Yeah, you’ll wipe the floor with them!” Another added.

“Definitely!” The other added. Hadrian rolled his eyes as he watched the duels.

“Only two have beaten the lesser nobles so far,” Hadrian commented to Draco.

“Yeah,” Draco said.

~A few minutes later~

“No one beat the nobles,” Hadrian stated.

“I’m disappointed in them and impressed by the nobles,” Draco

commented.

Hadrian stood up. “Since that's done, I’ll introduce again. I’m Hadrian Peverell-Potter, Lord of the most noble house Perevell and current King of Slytherin. Do remember to keep up your grades, if you need help there are study groups available. Also, when you walk outside of this room, be aware of who you are representing. You represent not only yourselves, but your family, your friends, and those who associate with your family. Now, you also represent the house of Slytherin. Don’t embarrass us. I wish you all a wonderful night and if you have questions or simply want to chat, myself and others will remain in the common room.”

After that, the crowd of Slytherins dispersed, some staying and chatting and others going to their rooms. Hadrian turned to Draco.

“Where is our room again?” He asked.

“Second hallway down. It's the same setup as last year,” Draco replied. Hadrian nodded.

~The next day~

Hadrian and the rest of the second-year Slytherins were eating in the Great Hall.

“What do you think of that new DADA teacher?” Pansy asked.

“He’s a fool who knows how to obliviate and nothing more,” Hadrian answered before going back to his food.

“Agreed, it’s a wonder he even got the job. His books are absolutely ridiculous. How anybody thinks he’s more than a fraud is beyond me,” Blaise added.

Hadrian felt movement behind him and turned around only to see Sev standing behind him, handing him something. Hadrian looked down and saw his schedule. Draco, Pansy, Blaise, and the others all were getting theirs as well. *Wonderful, we get the phony first period on a Monday and first on a Wednesday.* Hadrian glanced at Draco who was reading his schedule. Draco glanced at him and they shared a singular thought. *Chaos* .

[image]

Chapter End Notes

"The first day of school is always a fashion show. The rest of the school year? A pajama party." - Unknown.
All feedback is greatly appreciated. Have a wonderful day!

# Here We Go Again

Chapter Summary

> Chaos involving the idiots of Hogwarts and some Wizengamot shenanigans.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hadrian's POV -

The rest of Draco and Hadrian's weekend was spent planning and preparing for the first day of school.

Blaise's POV -

~Monday~

Draco and Hadrian had spent the weekend hauled up in their room and while at breakfast, were acting a bit strange. Hadrian kept glancing at the teacher's entrance and Draco kept an eye on the main one. They both had an evil glint in their eyes. *Are they waiting for someone? But who?* A few minutes into breakfast, one Gilderory Lockhart pushed open the doors of the Great Hall.

He yelled, "HELLO THERE! It's -" Splat! "What on Earth is this!?" Lockhart asked. Blaise looked at him. He was covered head to toe in color-changing paint that changed into all the rainbow colors. Lockhart then started twitching. At first, it was small movements before it became a full-on screech. "GET THESE INSCESTS OFF! OFF!

HEEELLLLLPPPPPP!" Blaise looked around and saw Draco barely able to hold in his laughter.

Most of the hall was doing the same, including the teachers. The Gryffindors were the first to break and started to laugh, loudly. The Hufflepuff and the Ravenclaws joined in and the Slytherins chuckled as well.

"HELP! HELP! HELP ME!" Lockhart screamed. Everyone kept laughing at his misery. Eventually, Dumbledore stood up to take control of the

situation, or at least, try to.

“Children, children!” Dumbledore yelled, attempting to get everyone’s attention. “Children! Silence!” Dumbledore cast a spell at Lockhart, put the paint stayed on Lockhart, and so did the screaming.

After a few moments, everyone quieted a bit.

“Thank you. Now, Mr. Weasleys, if you would be so kind as to reverse this little prank so we can all go on with our day,” Dumbledore said.

The Weasley twins stood up and said switching back and forth every other phrase,

“As much as

we would love

to take credit

for this piece of artwork,

it is not our work

so we cannot reverse it,” The other finished before the duo bowed and sat back down.

“They’re lying! Detention, both of you!” McGonagall yelled.

“Now now, Minerva, I’m sure they aren’t lying. And as for whoever did this prank, if you undo it there will be no consequences for your actions,” Dumbledore announced with the fakest smile Blaise had ever seen.

“If you’re not a Slytherin,” someone muttered. Blaise felt himself mentally nodding at that statement. Dumbledore’s hatred of Slytherins and favoritism to Gryffindors was well known. Very well known.

Since no one fessed up, the day continued as normal. Blaise and all the other Slytherins went to their first class of the day, which just so happened to be DADA. They all sat near the back of the classroom and waited for the Gryffindors to arrive. Like always, they burst into the room like a stampede.

“Must they be so loud and obnoxious?” Pansy muttered.

As they settled down, the doors to the teacher’s office burst open.

Revealing a still rainbow-colored Lockhart in all his glory.

“GOOD MORNING CLASS! Yes, as I’m sure you know I, Gilderory Lockhart, am your Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. I’m sure you’re all delighted to have me as your teacher and I’m delighted to have you as my students. NOW! Pop quiz! I want to see how much you know about me before we begin!” Lockhart announced. The class groaned in response. Blaise got his test.

Blaise groaned. *This stuff is hardly relevant to DADA. And I have to waste my time on this trash. Ugh!*

Blaise put a for all the answers if only for simplicity's sake before turning it in. He glanced toward Hadrian and Draco and saw that they turned in blank tests. Blaise held down a snort.

After everyone finished their quizzes and turned them in, Lockhart once again screeched at the top of his lungs. There was a bright red nose on his nose and a bunch of paint splatters appearing on his body. He kept flinging back like the paint was being thrown on him. The Gryffindors, with the expectation of Granger, were chackling like madmen. The Slytherins were chuckling softly.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!” Lockhart yelled at the top of his lungs.

Granger ordered, “Someone get a teacher! Ron! Help me figure out what’s happening!” Weasley’s head popped up.

“What?” He asked. Blaise gave Draco a knowing look.

“Help me!” Granger ordered and Weasley got up.

“SOMEONE! Get a TEACHER!” Granger yelled. Weasley went to the door of the classroom and left. The class was still cackling. A few minutes later Snape and Flitwick entered the classroom followed by Weasley.

“What is going on here?” Snape asked. The class stopped laughing at Lockhart’s misery.

“Professor Snape, Professor Lockhart was collecting our quizzes when he started to… well… act like this…” Granger explained trailing off as she motioned to the still freaking-out Lockhart, who then lost all his clothes except his underwear. The Gryffindors burst out laughing

again while the Slytherins smothered their chuckles. Blaise looked around the room. Draco was whispering something to Hadrian but Blaise couldn't hear what was being said.

~Flashback~

Antonin Dolohov's POV -

Antonin apperates to the edge of the Malfoy Ward, just barely outside.

"Ah Antonin, please, come in," Lucius greets him, motioning for him to come onto the property.

"Hello Lucius," Antonin greets him back. Lucius leads them to the sitting room of the manor. Sitting inside, drinking their tea, is no other than Harry Potter or Hadrian Peverell-Potter as he goes by now, and Marvolo Slytherin. Something about the latter seems familiar, but Antonin can't name it.

"Hello Antonin," Lord Slytherin greets him.

"Hello, I am Antonin Dolohov, lord to the noble house of Dolohov." Lord Peverell-Potter sends a look at Lord Slytherin who sends a look at Lucius.

"This is a formal meeting Dolohov, but not that formal." What?

"Dolohov, how much do you know about laws and politics would you say you know?" Lord Peverell-Potter asks.

"Quite a bit."

"So then, how much do you know about the royal family of Pendragon?"

"They died out, what does that have to do with anything?"

"Are you sure they died out?"

"What do you… oh, you're a descendant aren't you?"

"Would you look at that, he figured it out."

"Why do you sound so surprised?" Lord Slytherin asks. Lord Peverell-Potter just smiled at him.

“You plan on revealing yourself?” Antonin asks.

“Kind of. There is this law that says an underage royal can have a proxy on the Wizengamot,” Hadrian explains.

“And… you want me to be this proxy?”

“Yep.”

“Why?”

“Cause you aren’t openly known as dark, you probably agree with most of my morals, know a lot about the law and politics, and Voldie trusts you.”

“Must you use that horrendous nickname?” Lord Slytherin interjects.

“Yes,” Hadrian replies with a bright smile. Lucius snorts. “Don’t think I’ve forgotten about you either Lucy,” Lucius growls and this time it is Lord Slytherin's turn to snort.

“Wait, Voldie as in the Dark Lord?” Antonin asks as he turns towards Lord Slytherin, who nods.

“Please call me Marvolo.”

“And I, Hadrian. So, do you want to be my royal proxy?” Hadrian asks.

“Sure,” Antonin answers.

“Alright, then, I, Marvolo Marcus Slytherin, release Antonin Luis Dolohov of his loyalty vow,” Marvolo vows, “So mote it be.” Marvolo motions to Hadrian.

“Oh, I, Antonin Luis Dolohov, do hereby vow to remain forever loyal to Hadrian James Peverell-Potter. So mote it be.”

“Alright, now that is done, let's talk about what you have to do, which you probably should have asked before you accepted the job now that I think about it,” Hadrian says. Antonin blushes slightly.

~End of Flashback~

Antonin walks into the meeting and meets with Lucius who is talking

with Marvolo.

“Are you ready?” Lucius asks.

“As ready as I can be,” Antonin replies.

Dumbledore enters the Wizengamot in bright orange robes with neon yellow lightning bolts. He sits in the Chief Warlock seat smugly and bangs down the gavel.

“I don’t believe anyone needs to claim seats so we will-”

“Chief Warlock that is incorrect as I need to claim seats,” Lucius interrupts Dumbledore.

“As do I,” Antonin pipes in.

“Go ahead,” Dumbledore says with a slight growl coming through.

“I, Lucius Abraxas Malfoy claim proxy to the Prince seats. I also assign them to the Dark Faction. So mote it be,” Lucius declares.

“I, Antonin Luis Dolohov claim the title of proxy to the young heir of the most ancient and royal house of Pendragon,” Antonin says. Gasps echo throughout the Wizengamot chambers.

“What do you mean the young heir of Pendragon? Who are they?” Minister Fudge asks.

“They are the heir to the most ancient and royal house of Pendragon. They asked me to be their proxy and I will happily do so. As for who they are, well, that is their secret to keep,” Antonin explains. Several members of the Wizengamot give him strange looks.

“I demand as Minister of the Ministry of Magic that you tell me who the heir of Pendragon is!” Fudge yells. Any respect Antonin had for him, which was very little, to begin with, disappeared in an instant.

“I do not have to tell you anything, Minister Fudge.”

“He is the Minister!” A toad-like lady in sickly pink clothes yells. “You have to tell him everything.” Antonin stares at her.

“I must agree with the Minister,” Dumbledore starts. “It is imperative that we know who the heir is.”

“And why is that?”

“Because we must ensure their continued safety and that they are learning everything they need to,” Dumbledore says.

“But isn’t the best way to ensure the heir’s safety is to make sure no one knows of them? How can you target someone if you don’t know who they are?”

“It is still incredibly important that we know who the heir is!” Someone shouts out. Antonin looks around and sees Elphias Dodge standing. “If he is influenced to believe the wrong things, we will have a disaster on our hands! I motion that we require Lord Dolohov to reveal who the heir is!”

“Yeah!” Someone else shouts. More sounds of agreement can be heard on the light side. Dumbledore bangs his gavel.

“Even if such a bill were to be passed, I would not be required to follow it,” Antonin explains.

“And why is that?” The toad lady asks. “No one is higher than the Ministry.”

“Actually, the very document that creates the Ministry gives the young heir the power to hide his identity. Should you pass something against that document, the government of Magical Britain will revert to an absolute monarchy. And even then, the heir would not be required to reveal

himself. Either way, we should resume the Wizengamot meeting, right Chief Warlock?”

“Right,” Dumbledore grits out.

Hadrian’s POV -

“Hi Harry!” A sickly sweet voice calls out from the other end of the Great Hall during lunch. Hadrian looks at Draco and continues to eat his lunch.

“Harry! It is very rude to ignore someone when they are talking to you! Ginny just wants to get to know you!” Granger yells. “Harry! At least turn around!”

“What did you do to him, you snake?” Ronald Weasley yells, furiously

walking towards Draco. He grabs him but Draco sends a stinging hex at him.

“What did I do to who, you griffin-dork?” Draco asks.

“Harry!” The female Weasley yells.

“Harry? Who's that?”

“The boy next to you!”

“Oh, you mean Marcus?”

“No you idiot! The one to your left!” The male Weasley yells.

“Oh, you mean Hadrian.”

“Yeah, Harry!” Granger yells.

“Ms. Granger, Mr. Weasley, Ms. Weasley, would you like to explain why you are making a commotion at my house’s table?” Severus asks walking over. “Also, 30 points from Gryffindor.”

“Harry is ignoring us!” Granger whines.

“There is no one named Harry in my house. I believe Harry Mcmillian is a Hufflepuff,” Severus replies.

“Not him!” Granger whines. “You call him Hadrian.”

“Ah, Mr. Peverell-Potter. Why do you want to speak with him?”

“Because he needs to talk to us!”

“Mr. Peverell-Potter does not need to do anything. If he does not wish to talk to you, then he doesn’t have to, it's as simple as that. Now, go back to your tables before I start to take more points.”

The female Weasley starts “BUT-”

“45 points from Gryffindor.”

“WAIT!”

“55 points from Gryffindor.”

“YOU CAN’T-”

“75 points from Gryffindor.”

“Slimy git!” The male Weasley yells.

“100 points from Gryffindor.”

“You can’t-”

“OI! WEASLEY, WEASLEY, AND GRANGER, GET YOUR BUTTS BACK OVER HERE BEFORE WE LOSE EVEN MORE POINTS! WE ARE ALREADY IN THE NEGATIVES AND IT'S NOT EVEN THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK OF SCHOOL!” Someone from Gryffindor yells. Hadrian looks towards the Gryffindor counter and they are at -205. The trio snarls at the Slytherin table before returning to their own.

~The Next Day~

Hadrian and his friends sat down for breakfast like normal.

“BUT I WANT IT!” A familiar voice yells. “I WANT IT, I WANT IT, I WANT IT! WHY CAN’T I BE THE HEIR? WHY IS IT YOU TWO IDIOTS!”

“Well it seems like Brainless woke up today and decided that causing commotions was her new calling,” Blaise says. The people who heard him chuckled.

~Flashback~

“We need something to call each one of the annoying trio. We can’t keep calling them by their last names seeing as there are two Weasleys now,” Draco says when the group is in the common room.

“What about G, R, and H?” Pasny suggests.

“Too nice,” Draco shot down immediately.

“What about Brainless for the female Weasley, Dense for the male, and Ignorant for Granger?” Hadrian suggests after a few moments.

“Let's do that,” Draco says. Everyone else agrees.

~End of Flashback~

“I SHOULD HAVE IT! NOT YOU!” Brainless continues to yell.

“Weasley. 100 points for causing another commotion,” Severus says. The Gryffindors sitting at their table groan as their number drops even further into the negatives. Hadrian looks at the other Slytherins before getting up. If they had any hope of having a peaceful breakfast, then Brainless would have to shut it.

“What’s going on now?” He asks approaching Brainless, the Weasley Twins, and Severus.

“Harry! You’ve got to help me! This dummies took my title!” Brainless yells.

“What?” Hadrian asks, looking toward the Weasley twins.

“On August 31, we collected our lordship. Our sister just figured that out tonight,” Fred explains.

“If I may ask, what lordship were you heir to?” Hadrian asks.

“The most ancient and noble house of Prewett,” George replies.

“THAT’S MY LORDSHIP! AND I WANT IT! TELL THEM HARRY! TELL THEM TO GIVE IT TO ME!” Brainless yells.

“Why should they give it to you?” Hadrian asks. “Also, for your information, I can’t make them do anything. I have no control over the Prewetts.”

“BUT! BUT!” Brainless stutters.

“100 points from Gryffindor for continuing to cause a commotion for no reason,” Severus says.

“BUT!”

“Another 100 points.”

“BUT!”

“Another 100 points.”

Brainless opened her mouth again but this time no words came out. Severus raised an eyebrow.

“She was costing us too many points. It is probably better that she remains silent for the rest of breakfast,” One of the Gryffindors explains.

Chapter End Notes

"Better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak out and remove all doubt." - Abraham Lincoln
Also, to clarify, Severus was taking 100 points at a time at the end as a way to hopefully deter this event from happening again. Ginny screamed really loud and was causing a huge commotion (think, someone screeching at the top of their lungs, loud enough that people are worried it will shatter glass loud). If Gryffindor loses some 200 points and becomes Gryffindor's most hated person in the castle (though Ron, Hermione, and Ginny were giving him a run for his money) will shut her up, he will do so.
Have a great day!

# The Next Month or So

Chapter Summary

> As the title suggests, its what happens between the first week of September to Halloween, featuring a liberal use of parentheses.

Chapter Notes

> Friendly reminder: Dense is Ron, Ignorant is Granger, and Brainless is Ginny.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hadrian POV -

Hadrian went to his table and saw the point counters. -575. The Gryffindors were trying to bounce back from the damage Brainless, Dense, and Ignorant. But the way this is going, they were only going to sink deeper into this pit of negatives.

“Hey, Professor Snape,” Hadrian calls out.

“Yes?”

“Could we talk after breakfast?”

“Sure.”

~After breakfast~

“So, I was writing to Marvolo about why you hate my father and he mentioned something about life debts,” Hadrian says.

“And you want to know what it is,” Severus replies. Hadrian nods. “A life debt is exactly like what it sounds like, you have a debt to another person until they declare it fulfilled. Though there are a lot of rules to getting a life debt.”

“Like what?”

“Like that, if they aren’t fulfilled, they transfer to the next generation, you can’t have any ulterior motives, the person who incurs the life debt must admit it, the person who receives it decides when it is

fulfilled unless Lady Magic steps in, etc."

"So what does that have to do with why you hate my father?"

"He got a life debt from me when he and his friend set a werewolf on me."

"What? How?"

"At the time I was a student, another student was a werewolf. Potter and his friends were being suspicious and I wanted to know why. I followed them to the place where the werewolf transformed. Then, Potter got cold feet and saved me."

"So my father knew about the werewolf?"

"Yes, he did, he was friends with him."

"But if the werewolf killed someone, would it get the dementor's kiss?"

"Yes."

"So Potter only saved you so that his friend didn't get kissed?"

"No, as you know, Dumbledore has favorites. He would have protected the werewolf by not letting his secret get out."

"Why didn't you tell anyone?"

"Dumbledore made me promise not to reveal the werewolf's identity and to keep the situation a secret."

"An unbreakable vow?"

"No, the vow he didn't make me take an unbreakable vow, just promise not to tell anyone."

"He didn't make you swear on anything? Just took your word?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I imagine because he trusted me."

"And since he trusted you…"

“I didn’t want to break that trust, even more so when I became a spy.”

“Oh…”

“*Tempus*” Severus cast. “I’ve got class in a few minutes, and so do you.”

“Alright, I’ll see ya around,” Hadrian replies.

~The Next Day~

Owls circled the tables, delivering mail as they flew. An owl drops a letter beside Hadrian’s plate. Hadrian grabs the letter and opens it.

Dear Prince Hadrian Peverell-Potter,

I’m not sure if you read the Daily Prophet, but if you did, you would realize they have insulted you and me in one of their articles. Thankfully, it's not on the front page, but I have sent them a cease-and-desist. If this is not acceptable, please let me know.

Sincerely, Antonin Luis Dolohov

Hadrian sighs. Draco looks at him. “What’s up?”

“Nothing, we should get going to DADA.”

“Ugh,” Blaise says, we have that idiot again?”

“Yep,” Hadrian replies.

“Wonderful,” Draco says.

~October 31~

The past month or so was relaxing, to say the least. Everyone got back into their routine, going to classes, studying, and other stuff. But there was one thing that was very different from last year, besides the DADA teacher. Quidditch tryouts and Draco was ecstatic about them.

All he could talk about the weeks leading up to the tryouts was quidditch. Draco tried out for an open chaser position that was previously held by a seventh-year. Needless to say, Draco got in, thankfully, others Hadrian and the others feared he would never stop talking about quidditch.

As a reward for getting on the team, Lucius bought the entire team Nimbus 2001s. The next day, the entire team got up early to go to the quidditch pitch to train on the new brooms. The Gryffindors were on the pitch first, but Marcus Flint, the Slytherin team captain, got permission from Madam Hooch, and Severus, so they got kicked out. Dense and Ignorant were on the field for some reason, and they made a commotion. They said something about Draco buying his way onto the team, which is entirely untrue as they were gifts, not bribes. Also, by the time they got the brooms, Draco was already on the team, you know, since they were gifts for getting on the team to begin with. When Draco told them this, Dense said he was lying.

Anyway, then Dense tried to curse them, but since his wand is broken (which is a serious safety issue and why Lady Weasley didn't buy him a new one was beyond Hadrian's comprehension, not that he wanted to know what was going on in the Banshee's head, which was Lady Weasley's new nickname) the curse backfired and him Dense, making him throw up slugs. Severus then came on the field after seeing what was happening. He gave Dense a month's worth of detention for trying to curse another student and said "The only reason that you aren't getting suspended is that the curse didn't hit anyone beside you". Of course, Dumbledore tried to get the detentions removed, but Severus threatened to take it up with the board, who were aware of the situation due to Draco writing to Lucius.

Ignorant got a week's worth of detention for "causing incidents" according to Draco. Ignorant and Dense were also banned from the pitch until Madam Hooch decided that they were "remorseful of their actions".

Also, the Gryffindor quidditch captain, Oliver Wood, was really mad that Slytherins interrupted their "practice" (how is it practice if they aren't even on their brooms? They were just standing there like fools) and went to  McGonagall, who parroted it back to Dumbledore, who then tried to give the Slytherin team a month's worth of detention. He then gave Gryffindor 600 points for "standing up for themselves". Just pulling them out of the negatives and launching them into first place.

Severus was naturally, pissed. He told Lucius, who told the school

board, who then called McGonagall and Dumbledore in to explain their actions. After poorly defending their clearly biased actions, they were put on suspension and were banned from taking more than 10 points from any house and giving more than 15 to a house. They were also banned from giving out more than a week's worth of detention and before winter break, all their actions from the moment they started teaching until then would be under review. Since any points taken are recorded in a book only the governors had access to, they could see just how far back this was. Unfortunately, Dumbledore and McGonagall weren't fired due to Dumbledore having a few friends on the board. According to Lucius, they are "nuisances with less than 3 brain cells". The board then awarded Slytherin the 600 points Gryffindor got and Gryffindor lost the 600 points awarded to them. Gryffindor then dropped further into the negatives for "poor sportsmanship" and "being spoiled brats" according to Lord Abbott, who was on the board. Needless to say, Slytherin was very happy about their major point lead.

To add salt to the wound, the first quidditch match of the season was between Slytherin and Gryffindor. Gryffindor suffered a brutal defeat, 434 to 10. The game was almost an hour long, during which, Wood simply couldn't keep up with the speed of the Nimbus 2001 and Slytherin's chasers were working in sync. The Gryffindor chaser rarely got a chance to touch the ball, and when they did, they were swiftly knocked out by the bluggers sent their way from the Slytherin beaters. According to the twins, Wood tried to drown himself in the showers for such a crushing defeat. It was all people could talk about for a while.

After getting over the loss, or seemingly getting over the loss, Wood complained to McGonagall that it was unfair that Slytherins got the Nimbus 2001s while Gryffindor had Cleanswepts and Comets. McGonagall and Dumbledore somehow pooled enough money to buy the entire quidditch team Nimbus 2001s to "level the playing field". The Slytherin team, in particular Draco, were fuming at this announcement, and the Gryffindors looked smug. Draco wrote about it to his father, who then called McGonagall and Dumbledore to explain themselves once again. It ended with the two of them having to either buy the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw quidditch teams Nimbus 2001s as well or to return the Nimbus 2001s to the stores. Then the Gryffindor quidditch team smugly told the board that they had gotten rid of their old brooms, well everyone was smug besides the Weasley Twins. The board then said that Dumbledore and McGonagall must buy the other two teams Nimbus 2001s then, and they have to pay Lucius back the money he paid for the Nimbus 2001s. Their pocketbooks were

bleeding after that.

And, to make it even worse for the Gryffindor quidditch team, and not to be outdone. Lucius, Marvolo, Severus, and Hadrian all pitched in to pay for a broom still in development. Lucius knew the owners of several broom-making companies such as the Cleansweep Broom Company, Comet Trading Company, Ellerby and Spudmore, Flyte and Barker, Nimbus Racing Broom Company, Universal Brooms Ltd, and more. Randolph Spudmore, the son of Able Spudmore, co-owner of Ellerby and Spudmore was working on a new broom. During a tour of their development lab on one of the weekends, Hadrian (who was there because Lucius invited him along) became friends with Spudmore. Randolph was also a former Slytherin, so when Hadrian told him about this, he was infuriated. Randolph then told Hadrian that he was done making a new broom, faster than any of the Nimbus models. Hadrian then told Lucius, Marvolo, and Severus. Hadrian asked Randolph how much it would cost to make the model, and after talking with Lucius, Marvolo, and Severus, they told Randolph that they would pay him a lot of money if he would make 15 copies for the Slytherin team. 15 to be used and 2 spares in case anything happened. Randolph agreed and about a week later, not 15 but 19 new brooms were sent to Severus with a little note.

Dear Hadrian, Lord Prince, Lord Malfoy, and Lord Slytherin,

Here are the 15 brooms you paid for. I also have decided on a name for these brooms. There are 4 extras, one for each of you. Thank you for your business.

From, Randolph Spudmore

P.S. They will be known as “Firebolts”. I hope you like the name.

Severus gave Marvolo, Hadrian, and Lucius their brooms before calling the entire Slytherin quidditch team to meet in their office. Afterwards, they all came out with a package the length of a broom and with a big smile on their faces, before it was quickly hidden behind a mask.

The next quidditch game was somehow against Gryffindor again (Hadrian thought Dumbledore rigged it in some way). The Slytherins all flew out using their new Firebolts, and Hadrian could see Wood’s

mouth fall to the ground, as did the rest of the Gryffindor team. Wood immediately asked what broom they had, and Marcus [who told Hadrian to call him Marcus, (in fact entire quidditch team, besides Draco, told him to do so) somehow knew that Hadrian helped get them the brooms, though Hadrian had a sneaking suspicion that Severus had something to do with it] proudly said that they had brooms that weren't on the market yet. Wood freaked out and declared that they shouldn't be allowed to play on those brooms because not everyone could get them. When Madam Hooch didn't disqualify them, Wood threw a fit and got himself disqualified. The Slytherins then slaughtered the Gryffindors, nearly 500 points to 0.

Hadrian sat down at the Slytherin table. Jack-o-lanterns were floating around in place of the candles. There was a mountain of candy at the ends of each table and the center. Hadrian vanished the stack of candy, and then Marcus and Rowle got up and did the same to the candy at the end of the table. Besides that, the rest of the evening went surprisingly well. None of the Gryffindors caused a huge amount of trouble. Though, Dense and Ignorant weren't there, so that might be the reason why.

However, it seems that peace for Hadrian was not meant to be on Halloween, because minutes after the feast ended, a loud screech echoed through the corridors. Hadrian looked at the other second years, who nodded before approaching the source of the scream. When they got to a corner, they saw a giant spider.

"Is that Professor Snape, Professor Flitwick, and… Hagrid?" Pansy asks.

"The oaf?" Draco asks.

"Yep," Hadrian replies. Hagrid was standing… in front of the spider? Severus and Flitwick were standing at the opposite side of the corridor with their wands pointed at the massive spider.

"Draco," Hadrian says. Said person looks at Hadrian. "Go to Severus' office and floo your father and the ministry." Draco looks at the spider, then back at Hadrian, before nodding.

"Please! He doesn't mean any harm!" Hagrid yells.

"And how, precisely, would you know that?" Severus asks.

"'e's a friend!"

“Hagrid, he is a Acromantula. A man-eating spider,” Flitwick points out.

“Aragog won’t eat anyone!”

Hadrian looks and sees Dense and Ignorant cowering from the spider.

“Hagrid, you must understand that your… friend must be restrained,” Flitwick says hesitantly.

“I promise ‘e won’t ‘urt a soul!”

“Hagrid…” Flitwick starts.

“*Protego!*”

“*Immobulus!*”

“*Incarcerous!*”

Several spells shot from the end of the corridor, soaring above everyone and two of the three hitting the spider, which freezes in place before falling due to its legs being tied. Hagrid turns behind him and starts to cry. He grabs the ropes and starts to pull at them.

“*Incarcerous!*”

Hadrian looks behind him. Madam Bones stands with her wand pointed, along with several other aurors being her. Lucius is there as well, standing in front of Draco. The crowd parts for the group, Draco rejoining the rest of the Slytherins.

“What is the meaning of this?” Madam Bones asks.

“We are not quite sure, why don’t we ask Ms. Granger and Mr. Weasley here?” Severus says. Dense and Ignorant looked surprised, as they were trying to blend into the crowd.

“Well, Ms. Granger, Mr. Weasley,” Madam Bones says.

“Now, now, Amelia, why don’t you release Hagrid over there and we take this conversation to my office?” Dumbledore says from behind everyone.

“You will address me as Madam Bones. I will not be releasing Hagrid. However, I am not opposed to taking this conversation up to your office. Jenkins, Dover, take Hagrid to a cell in the Ministry for

questioning. I will deal with him later. Owens, Denver, Richard, Griffin, take the spider to the ministry and keep guard, I'll figure out what to do with it later," Madam Bones ordered. The aurors followed her instructions. "Let's go you two," she says towards Dense and Ignorant. "Professors Snape and Flitwick, would you be so kind as to join us?" Severus and Flitwick nodded.

"Now, Amelia-"

"Madam Bones, Headmaster. And know that nothing you say will matter. Now, you will either lead us to your office or I will."

"Of course, this way," Dumbledore replies with a disappointed look on his face. The group follows him to his office. Severus stays behind for a second and says "Everyone, back to your common rooms." The crowd disperses soon after.

Chapter End Notes

"A fool contributes nothing worth hearing and takes offense at everything" - Aristotle
So, about the number of Quidditch players, there are technically 7 per team, 3 chasers, 2 beaters, 1 keeper, and 1 seeker. That being said, there are also reserves. I'd like to think that there are 2 reserve chasers, 2 reserve beaters, 1 reserve keeper, and 1 reserve seeker, totaling 13 players, plus the 2 extra brooms gives you 15. As for the creator of the Firebolt and the names a quidditch companies, both of those are canon facts. Randolph Spudmore, is the son of Able Spudmore who is the co-owner of Ellerby and Spudmore, the broom company that created the Firebolt, at least according to Harry Potter Wiki.
Have a great day!

# This Chapter Has No Title, Because

Chapter Summary

> Why Aragog was in the castle, meeting Luna, and the next two months.

Chapter Notes

> Once again your friendly reminder: Dense is Ron, Ignorant is Granger, and Brainless is Ginny.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Severus Snape's POV -

Severus withheld a sigh. Madam Bones glared at Ms. Granger and Mr. Weasley. The two of them just looked at each other.

"If you are unwilling to cooperate with our investigation, I will charge you with interference and press charges," Madam Bones threatens. ***A few side notes before we continue. 1) Severus will refer to Granger, Ron, and Ginny respectfully because he is a teacher, and he can't slip up and call them their nicknames. 2) Madam Bones is kind of mean here because she is pissed. Granger and Weasley endangered the entire school, including her niece, who is her only remaining direct relative. In this fanfiction her husband is dead and Susan's dad is her only brother. Everyone else directly related is dead. So she is taking this very seriously and while I'd like to depict her as the perfect stereotypical Hufflepuff, I just can't do that here.***

"Now, Amelia," Dumbledore starts looking disappointed but is cut off by Madam Bones' glare.

Granger's eyes widened. Severus heard about her ambitions to become Minster of Magic (from Albus and Minerva, who won't shut up about it), and to do that, she would need to have a spotless record. However, that didn't make her any more bearable in class. She seems to have not yet realized that being a teacher's pet (that only 1 out of the 5 teachers main teachers [potions, transfiguration, charms, herbology, and astronomy] she has, excluding the DADA teacher and Binns, likes her, and the elective teachers already dread having her next year) she has of is a good way to get yourself pranked and attacked in the hallway. Being teacher's pet is not a good way to get friends or to become Minister since you have to be, you know, likable. Now that

Severus thought about it, they really need more teachers. Severus added talking about hiring more teachers with Marvolo, Hadrian, and Lucius on his to-do list.

Ms. Granger opens her mouth. “Well, we… we… we were visiting Hagrid so Ron’s rat, Scabbers could be healed… and then Scabbers ran off after seeing Fang… Hagrid’s dog… so we chased after it… and it went into the Forbidden Forest… and… and…”

“And what Ms. Granger?” Severus asks, glaring at them.

“And… and we… followed him… right into the Acromantula nest… and we escaped after being chased… with Scabbers… and we went to the castle… but the Acromantula followed us… which is where Ron screamed… and Professor Snape and Flitwick met us…”

“Mr. Weasley, is this true?” Madam Bones asks.

“Um… yes?”

“Is that a question or an answer Mr. Weasley?” Severus asks.

“An answer.”

“In that case, 50 points each from Gryffindor for going into the Forbidden Forest and a suspension for… Madam Bones, how long should they be suspended for?” Severus asks.

“I’d say for a week. In school, serving detentions,” Madam Bones says.

“That's a wonderful idea.”

“Now Severus, they were trying to save Ronald’s pet,” Albus says.

“Thank you for reminding me. Mr. Weasley, you will be sending that rat home as it is not on the list of approved animals and be spending the rest of the year with Flich in detention for having an unauthorized pet,” Severus says.

“But! BUT!” Mr. Weasley cries.

“Keep talking Mr. Weasley and I will find a way to extend this detention to the next school year.”

Mr. Weasley snarled.

“10 points from Gryffindor for disrespecting a teacher.”

“Now Severus,” Albus starts.

“He did not have an authorized pet, so he will be spending those detentions, after all, I’m sure he was warned by Minerva that having an unauthorized pet will result in detentions and to send it home. Since he still has it, I will assume that he ignored those warnings.”

Albus was speechless. If he said that Minerva didn’t say those warnings, he would be admitting that she had been neglecting her duties as their head of house. If he says that she did tell Mr. Wesley those warnings, then Mr. Weasley ignored them. Speaking of which, Hadrian would love a snake for Yule, Christmas, or whatever Hadrian celebrates… if he celebrates anything at all. He’d also have to get the paperwork together to authorize the snake so Albus couldn’t get rid of it. Severus still remembers the moment they found out Hadrian was a parselmouth, he’d never seen the Dark Lord speechless before.

~Flashback~

Severus leaned back on the sofa in the living room in Malfoy Manor.

“Severus, don’t you have seats?” The Dark Lord asks.

“No,” Severus replies.

“Isn’t your mother a Prince?”

“Yes, but she was disinherited.”

“Perhaps you should go to Gringotts and check.”

“If I inherited the title?”

“Yes.”

“I will go later today.”

“Great, now back to the topic at hand, we have no way to deal with Dumbledore. Any bills we try to pass will tie his army of seats.”

“Do we know if he got them legally?” Hadrian asks from the other side of the room.

“No, but there is no way to check,” Lucius says.

“And there is no way to figure out who he is proxy for?” Antonin asks. Since becoming a proxy for Hadrian, he slowly merged into the group.

“No,” Lucius answers.

“And no way to narrow it down?” The Dark Lord asks.

“No,” Lucius says again.

“Then we are screwed if he has more seats available,” Hadrian states.

“Pretty much,” Severus says. The Dark Lord hisses something, probably curses at Dumbledore. Hadrian looks at the Dark Lord, opens his mouth, and hisses? The Dark Lord’s eyes widen before he quickly puts his mask back on.

“You can speak parseltounge?” He asks.

“Parseltounge?” Hadrian asks.

“Speak to snakes.”

“Yeah.”

“How?”

“I have all speak and am an heir to Slytherin.”

“Oh, right.”

“You forgot about that didn’t you?”

The Dark Lord kept his mouth shut.

~Flashback Ends~

“Now, now, they were only trying to save themselves,” Albus says placatingly. ***Little note here, during the flashback, Severus missed some stuff, so that is why it doesn’t make to much sense if you read the dialogue before and after the flashback.***

“Yes, but they put themselves in danger by going into the Forbidden Forest, which is, as the name suggests, forbidden. By putting

themselves in danger by somehow walking into an Acromantula nest, which I'm entirely sure how, and then having it chase them back to the school and failing to alert a teacher that it was chasing them, they put the entire school at risk," Fillus lectured.

"I'm quite certain they didn't mean any harm," Albus insisted.

"Like you would know, you let a Cerberus into the school," Severus muttered under his breath.

"It doesn't matter whether they meant any harm. They put the entire school at risk," Amelia responds.

"No one got hurt."

"I'm not going to argue with you over this. They are going to be suspended and have those detentions. If they don't I will arrest them for child endangerment and you for neglect. I will also be bringing this up to the school board, whether you stop arguing with me or not."

Albus wisely shut his mouth.

~The Next Day~

Hadrian's POV -

Hadrian went to Severus' office the moment the day ended. He went to the portrait of the 27th Head of Slytherin and asked him to tell Severus that he was outside. Moments later, the portrait swings open.

"Hadrian," Severus greets him.

"Severus," Hadrian replies.

"You want to know about the Acromantula?" Hadrian nods. "Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger were chasing after Mr. Weasley's pet rat and entered into their nest in the Forbidden Forest. They were chased out of the nest and were followed back to the school, at which point Ms. Granger screamed alerting the rest of the school. They will be suspended for a week serving detentions at the school. For keeping an unauthorized pet, Mr. Weasley will be spending the rest of the year helping Flich with keeping the school clean and will have to send the rat home to his parents. If the owl which is taking the cage happens to

kill the rat to be its next meal, then it is most certainly Mr. Weasley's fault as he should have told the owl otherwise." Hadrian smiled ever so slightly. It seems like Dense's rat will not be making it home after all. Oh well, nothing of value would be lost.

"Why is there an Acromantula nest in the Forbidden Forest?"

"Well, Hagrid once had the patriarch of the nest as a pet, when Marvolo found out, he reported Hagrid. Hagrid let the creature escape to the forest. He still visits it now and then."

"Has the oaf finally been arrested?"

"Yes, though Dumbledore will try his hardest to get his pawn out."

"How wonderful. I wonder if Lucius and Antonin would be willing to get involved."

"They might be. I know they love to get under Dumbledore's skin."

"I'll write to them." Severus nods.

Hadrian left Severus' office and went to the common room. On the way there, he saw a girl with blonde hair skipping.

"Hello your highness," she says.

"What?" Hadrian asks, tense.

"No need to worry your highness, I won't tell anyone."

"Great. What's your name?"

"I am Luna Lovegood your highness."

"Cool. I'm Hadrian Peverell-Potter. You can call me Hadrian."

"Then you can call me Luna."

~Two months later~

The past two months were… fun. Let's say fun.

Hadrian and Draco pranked Lockhart right out of Hogwarts. Every day, Lockhart was pranked. After every prank, the Weasley twins were

smiling like it was their birthday. It went from turning Lockhart into a peacock (Hadrian had to push for it to be a peacock, Draco wanted it to be a dodo bird, apparently Draco owned several albino peacocks, which Hadrian and his friends got a good laugh at) to Lockhart having to sing his words as if he were in a musical. Their pranks were crazy, hilarious, and most importantly, embarrassing. Eventually, Lockhart had enough because the next day, Dumbledore announced that Lockhart had resigned and Severus would be taking over as the temporary professor until a replacement could be found.

That replacement came in the form of Lucius. The board decided to send Lucius because they thought Dumbledore was getting out of control and because Lucius had a mastery in the subject.

Lockhart left around the beginning of November and Lucius joined the staff in mid-November. Hadrian sent a few letters to Marvolo and learned that he did curse the defense position so that only someone he approved of could keep the job for more than a year. Lucius liked being close to his son and thus asked permission to stay as the teacher indefinitely. Marvolo agreed.

Hadrian was also constantly stalked by Brainless, Dense, and Ignorant. Severus and Lucius had a lot of fun constantly taking points and assigning detentions to the trio. They tried to take it to the board, but the board ruled in favor of Lucius and Severus. The trio lost Gryffindor 100 points each. Gryffindor was now sitting firmly in the negatives despite the rest of McGonagall, Dumbledore, and the rest of the house's efforts to get them out. The trio was also ostracized from Gryffindor for losing so many points.

Gryffindor also lost every quidditch game they played. Wood was training his team from sunrise to sunset on the weekends.

Hagrid, unfortunately, was not put in Azkaban for his dangerous creatures or even fired, just banned from ever touching another animal (even his dog was taken away).

Meanwhile, Severus and Lucius took to teaching the Slytherins the dark arts. Not really bad ones like the unforgivables, in fact, in other countries around the world, the spells they taught them weren't classified as dark but neutral. Every other weekend, all the Slytherins went to a classroom deep in the dungeons and were taught a new spell.

Hadrian was at the top of his year, followed by Draco, Blaise, and a

few Ravenclaws. Ignorant was in 10th place and was fuming about it. From what Hadrian had heard, she was going on a rampage. She set up a study schedule for finals, despite finals being months away. Not even the Ravenclaws are that bad. She also constantly checked out all the book copies on a subject. For instance, she checked all the books that even mentioned the disarming charm for an essay that Professor Flitwick assigned. Even some of the older years were mad because they needed those books too. Hadrian also heard in the Gryffindor, that she didn't let anyone touch let alone borrow the books. It happened again when Professor Sinistra assigned an essay on a constellation and its mythology. Ignorant took all the books on Greek mythology and constellations. Needless to say, everyone was very mad when they went to the library and there were no books available.

A bunch of students went to Professor Sinistra about it and their heads of houses (except the Gryffindors). Severus told Hadrian that they brought it up to Dumbledore since second years shouldn't even be allowed to check out that many books (note that she took out at least 20 at once if not more for one subject). Dumbledore tried to write it off as an overeager student. But Severus and all the other teachers threaten to take it to the board. So now, Ignorant can only take out 3 books at a time, like the rest of the second years. So instead, she hogged all the books in the library, and Ms. Pince, the librarian, didn't do anything about it. She just ignores people when they try to talk to her.

So everyone complained to the teachers again. The teachers took it up with the board this time. Ms. Pince was fired for not doing her job and replaced with William Harris, Lord of the most noble house of Harris. Ignorant also got banned from the library for the rest of the year. If she wanted to research her assignments, she had to "ask one of her housemates for books" as Lucius put it. Though it's pretty well known that no one but Dense and Brainless shares books with her.

Marvolo also found a way to hide that he was back by changing the dark mark. Now, for Severus, it looks like it did when he was "dead" and for Lucius and the rest of the death eaters, no one but Marvolo, Hadrian, and other death eaters could see the mark. Admittedly, it would have been smarter to have done that before they went to war, but better now than later. Marvolo also started recruiting again.

In the Wizengamot, Dumbledore has been stalled from passing any bills thanks to Antonin. All in all, the past two months haven't been that bad. And now, they were on the train to go home and start Winter break.

Chapter End Notes

By the way, if you have an idea on what this chapter should be titled, I'd love to hear it.
"Discipline is the bridge between goals and accomplishments" - Jim Rohn

# Money, Twins, and Death Munchers

Chapter Summary

> Hadrian learns a little bit more about Hogwarts' finances, meets up with Twins and Death Eaters

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Side note -**

*spell*

#Parseltongue#

*Severus speaking via legilimency*

***Hadrian speaking via legilimency***

Reading this/ written stuff

Hadrian's POV -

Severus slams the door shut as he enters the sitting room of Malfoy Manor. Lucius and Marvolo weirdly look at him.

"You good?" Hadrian asks.

"I'm fine. Stupid essays and Granger making my life miserable. I ask for 2 feet on why one should dice pixie wings in some potions and crush them on others and she gives me an almost 10 feet essay of which only 2 sentences even cover the topic. She is all over the place with her writing. In one sentence she is talking about Abraxan hair and the next sentence is about Anjelica and whether it should be crushed or sliced. I'm tempted to just mark the extra paragraphs as wrong, but then Albus will come for me and annoy me until I change it," Severus vents.

"Why not hire an assistant to grade some essays for you? That way, you can focus on the NEWT classes and lesson planning?"

Severus scoffs, "Please, the school barely has enough money to pay me, let alone another person."

Marvolo gives looks a strange look. “What do you mean? Several teachers back in my time had assistants or co-teachers. Some even had apprentices.”

“What do you mean Hogwarts barely has enough money to pay you? There is tons of money sitting in the vault,” Lucius says.

“Can you get an accounting of Hogwarts’ funds?” Hadrian asks.

“I’d have to go through the board,” Lucius answers. “Though you could probably just go to Gringotts and ask them since you technically own Hogwarts.”

“Oh, I’ll do that later.”

Diagon Alley -

Hadrian heads straight for the bank after flooing to the Leaky Cauldron. He approaches the teller.

“May your gold ever flow. I would like to Griphook please.”

“May your coffers never empty,” the teller says. “Follow me to Griphook’s office.” Hadrian follows the teller and eventually reaches Griphook’s office.

“May your gold ever flow Griphook.”

“May your coffers never empty. What can I do for you Lord Perevell-Potter?”

“I’d like to get an accounting for Hogwarts.”

“Of course. It will take a day, shall I mail it to you?”

“Yes please.”

“Anything else?”

“No.”

“Then, may the blood of your enemies flow,” Griphook said.

“May your coffers never empty,” Hadrian replies.

Hadrian goes to Flourish and Blotts and gets a few books as last-minute presents for Blaise and Theo. Hadrian then drops in at Twilfitt and Tatting's to get some stuff for Pansy and Draco.

“Hi, Adriankin!” Fred calls out from down the street. His brother George is right next to him, like always.

“Hello Fred, George. Is there something you need?”

“No we just want to talk to you about something, in private,” George explains. Hadrian nods and leads them to the Leaky Cauldron. He gets a private room and puts up some privacy wards.

“Now, what did you want to talk about?” Hadrian asks.

“We want to join the dark,” Fred says.

“I’m not sure what you're talking about,” Hadrian says almost instantly. *How do they know?*

“We know you are friends with the Dark Lord,” George says plainly.

“What do you mean?” Hadrian asks, masking his nervousness.

“You two didn’t kill each other a month ago,” Fred answers. *How do they know I was with Marvolo a month ago?”*

“I’ve been at school,” Hadrian says.

“And he came to the school,” George replies.

“Regardless, we want to join the dark. But we have issues with your morals,” Fred says.

“What's the issue?” Hadrian asks, deciding to stop playing coy with them.

“We don’t want to kill muggleborns,” George says.

“Good, because we don’t want to do that either,” Hadrian answers simply.

“What do you mean?” The duo asks in almost perfect sync.

“We don’t want to kill all the muggleborns either,” Hadrian repeats.

“But you did last time, during the war,” Fred says.

“Yes,” Hadrian replies.

“So you like them?” George asks.

“No,” Hadrian states.

“Then what do you mean?” Fred asks impatiently.

“We don’t like muggleborns because of people like Granger who refuses to learn about the Magical Britian and wants to bring muggle things into Magical Britian. I’ve heard about her problem with house elves, but she refuses to learn why they are enslaved to begin with,” Hadrian explains.

“We get that,” George says.

“Yeah, now they are refusing to clean Gryffindor Tower’s second-year girls' dormitory,” Fred says with a fond look on his face. Something tells Hadrian that he’s remembering the day they found out the house elves were on strike.

“Oh, her yearmates must hate her now,” Hadrian says.

“Yep,” The duo says together.

“The other reason why we don’t like muggleborns is that they are a security risk. If they tell their family about magic, what's to stop their family from telling others? It’s not like we can have them swear on their magic. Even if they all get put into a mental hospital, eventually someone's gonna notice they all say similar things without chatting to each other. Also, do you know the first-year Colin Creevy?” They nod. “While, if he sends those photos home and his family shares them with others, then we are doomed to be exposed.”

“Fair enough,” Fred replies. He glances at his brother. “In that case, we want to join you!”

“Okay,” Hadrian says. “See you guys later.”

“See ya!” The duo says. Hadrian leaves the room and wanders around Diagon, looking for last-minute gifts.

~Later that day~

Hadrian enters Marvolo’s office and slumps down on the couch near

his desk. Marvolo raises an eyebrow.

“Everything okay?”

“Fred and George want to join you.”

“That’s good, right?”

“Well, considering you don’t want to torture your followers anymore, but want to keep them on their toes, good for you. For everyone else, not so much.”

“And you’re worried about that?”

“Not that. Shopping is exhausting though.”

“If shopping by yourself is exhausting, imagine with Narcissa.” Marvolo shuddered at the thought. “Anyway, I wanted to talk to you about the meeting tomorrow.” Hadrian looks up. “I want to introduce you as my successor to the Death Eaters.”

“Successor?”

“Yes, as the co-lord to Slytherin, you are practically my successor, since you are younger. You are also strong enough to hold your own against anyone who challenges you. You have recruited some followers, and your ideals align with mine. Why would I not appoint you as my successor?”

“Oh, I suppose when you put it like that, it makes sense.”

“So you agree?”

“Sure. Why not. Do I have to wear a uniform or something?”

“I’ll give it to you tomorrow before the meeting.”

“Okay.”

~The Next Day~

Hadrian walked through Malfoy Manor to meet with Severus, Lucius, Antonin, and Marvolo. He joined the four of them in the sitting room. There was a letter with the Gringotts symbol in his hand.

“You got the Hogwarts accounting back?” Severus asks. Hadrian nods. Hadrian tears open the envelope and pulls out the letter inside.

Hogwarts Main Vault Accounting

Date: 20 December 1991

5000 galleons deposited to Albus Dumbledore - monthly

4500 galleons deposited to Minerva McGonagall - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Severus Snape - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Charity Burbage - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Aurora Sinistra - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Pomona Sprout - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Rolanda Hooch - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Sybill Trelawney - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Filius Flitwick - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Lucius Malfoy - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Silvanus Kettleburn - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Cuthbert Binns - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Bathsheda Babbling - monthly

4000 galleons deposited to Septima Vector - monthly

3500 galleons deposited to William Harris - monthly

3500 galleons deposited to Rubeus Hagrid - monthly

3000 galleons deposited to the Argus Filch - monthly

13000 galleons deposited to the Bird Fund - monthly

Sub Vaults -

Hogwarts Tuition Vault

“Why is a ghost being paid?” Hadrian asks looking at Lucius.

“I… don’t know why.”

“No one even pays attention in his class. Also, what would he do with the money? He never leaves his classroom and can’t interact with anything.” Lucius kept his mouth closed.

“Lucius, I will be bringing this up to the board. As Lord Slytherin, what happens at Hogwarts is my business, which is outrageous. You are paying a ghost,” Marvolo says coldly. Lucius nods jerkily. “Also, at the board meeting, we will bring up the Bird Fund deposits and the history. Hadrian, do you mind if I keep this?”

“Go ahead Marvolo. I wasn’t going to do anything with it anyway.”

“Thanks. Also, there is a meeting tonight at 2 PM. Can you make it?”

“Yeah.”

~Around 1:50 PM~

Marvolo walks into the library and heads to Hadrian who is sitting in a pile of books.

“Hadrian, we have about 10 minutes until the Death Eaters get here. You need to get changed,” Marvolo says. Hadrian looks up from his book and puts a bookmark in the book. Marvolo leads Hadrian out of the library and into Hadrian’s room at Malfoy Manor (Draco told his mother that he was living alone with Kreacher, and she freaked out. Lady Malfoy, now Narcissa, told Hadrian to stay at Malfoy Manor). On the bed, there was a green robe with gold accents and a mask. Two cuff links were gold with snakes engraved on them. There were fingerless gloves next to the green cuff links.

“Do you like it?” Marvolo asks.

“It's beautiful,” Hadrian answers.

“For the meeting, I would like you to stay outside the room until I introduce you.” Hadrian gave him a look.

“Drama queen.” Marvolo rolls his eyes.

“The meeting is in 6 minutes, I’ll see you in the hall.” Hadrian put the robes on and hid his wand in his right sleeve. He put the hood over his head and slid the mask on. He put on the cuff links and the gloves. Hadrian cast a * *tempus*.

Hadrian started to make his way down to the hall. As he got closer, he could hear the cracks of apperations and quiet murmurs. Hadrian peaked in through the doorway and saw a black throne with snakes engraved on it. There were some dark green accents, but other than that, it was all black. Next to it, there was a smaller throne that was mainly dark green with black accents. There were more snakes on it. The Death Eaters stood in a semicircle. Lucius was closest to the throne followed by his wife, who despite not being a marked Death Eater, was very loyal and trusted. Next to the smaller throne, was Severus.

After a few seconds, Marvolo enters the room through the opposite doors. He’s wearing an all-black robe with some dark green snakes on the cuff links.

“My friends, we meet again,” Marvolo says loudly. “But before we get into it, I would like to introduce someone. He is my successor and I would not recommend making him mad. He is just as powerful as myself and his will is equal to mine. He will be known as Parum Anguis.”

Hadrian walks in and sits on the little throne. #really, little snake?# Hadrian hisses.

#It fits# Marvolo repiles. Hadrian rolls his eyes. Hadrian sees a slight smirk on Severus' face and glares at him.

*Little snake huh?* Severus comments.

***Shut it,*** Hadrian says. ***He didn’t tell me that would be my name.***

*I imagine if you didn’t have that mask on, your face would have been very amusing.*

***Zip it. You’re supposed to pay attention.***

*I suppose I should.*

The rest of the meeting went something like this. Marvolo called on someone, they told him a quick report and went back to their spot. If they screwed up or something like that, a spell was cast at them from

Hadrian that made them pee their pants. Why? Well, why not? After all the reports, Marvolo planned a way to get all their fellow Death Eaters out of Azkaban. Barty Crouch Jr. came forward with how he got out of the prison. They would kidnap muggles (criminals) who no one would miss, polyjuice them into one of their fellow Death Eaters, and leave them in their place until they died. Severus and Hadrian would work on making a polyjuice that lasted forever, or at least until they died. Muggles don't have as much tolerance for dementors as wizards and witches. So their targets won't survive for longer than a year.

They then wrapped the meeting up and all the Death Eaters apperated away. Hadrian followed Severus to the potion lab at Malfoy Manor and got to work.

Chapter End Notes

If I missed any of the teachers please let me know.
"Before anything else, preparation is the key to success." - Alexander Graham Bell
Have a great day (◕‿◕✿)

# Winter Fun

Chapter Summary

The Malfoy Winter Ball, drama at the Weasleys, and gift giving.

Chapter Notes

A little note, for the links in this chapter, it is just the image that is added to the text.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hadrian's POV -

Like they do every winter, the Malfoy is hosting their Winter ball, and as Draco's friend and a Lord, Hadrian has the unfortunate pleasure of going to the ball. Severus did point out that it would be a great opportunity to meet up with the kids of some of the lords to make more friends, but who cares about making friends when there is an ever-growing stack of paperwork that doubles every time Hadrian leaves the room? And he's pretty on top of his paperwork. Needless to say, Hadrian thought the ball was a waste of time.

So how he got roped into helping the Malfoys set the ball up, who knows. This year, Narcissa chose the color palette to be navy, light blueish purple, dark pink, and light pink.

[image]

The entire ballroom was decorated with ribbons and draped curtains. The ceiling was enchanted to show stars like the one at the Great Hall in Hogwarts. The room looked magical. After helping set up the decorations, Hadrian had flooed home to get changed for the ball.

On his bed, Kreacher laid out a navy robe set with silver accents. Hadrian put the robes on quickly. After that, Hadrian flooed back to Malfoy Manor, joining the hoard of guests going into the ballroom.

"Hadrian, thank you for helping me set up the ballroom last minute," Narcissa says as she walks over to him.

"Anytime," Hadrian replies.

"Will you be joining us tomorrow?" Hadrian nods. "Wonderful. It

would be best for you to come by 11."

"Alright."

"If you don't mind, I have a lot of guests to greet, have a great time at the ball, and call any of us over if you need something," Narcissa says. Hadrian nods and she walks over to another guest.

"Hadrian," Someone calls out. Hadrian turns around and sees Draco. "Come over here, Blaise, Theo, Pansy, and the others are over here too." Hadrian follows him to a corner of the ballroom where Pansy, Theo, Blaise, Daphne, Tracey, Vincent, Greg, and Millicent are. There are also a few other people that Hadrian doesn't know.

"Guys, this is Lord Hadrian Peverell-Potter, Lord of the most ancient and esteemed house of  Peverell. Hadrian, you know Tracey, Theo, Pansy, Blaise, Daphne, Greg, Millicent, and Vincent, so let me introduce you to everyone else. Next to Daphne, is her sister Astoria. She is a first-year Slytherin. Next to her is Violet Mason. Next to Violet is her brother Travis Mason, heir to the most noble house of Mason. Next to him, is Erica Harper. Next to her, is Alyssa Byrne, heiress to the most ancient and noble house of Byrne. Next to Alyssa, is Tristan Dixon, heir to the most noble house of Dixon. Next to him are Hunter and Levi Woods, Levi is the heir to the most ancient and noble house of Woods. Next to Hunter, is Julian and Ellen Miller. Next to Ellen is Scarlett Mccarthy, heiress to the most noble house of Mccarthy," Draco said, each one making some sort of movement to help Hadrian identify them.

"Pleasure to meet you all. Please call me Hadrian."

"Then, please call us by our first names," Erica says. "We came to this corner to avoid all the stiff adults, not to be stiff children."

"Erica is in Astoria's year. So is Violet and Alyssa. Travis is a year above us and so is Tristan. Hunter and Levi are in their fourth year. Julian is in fifth, and Ellen is in sixth along with Scarlett," Blaise explains.

"So, how's OWL year, Julian?" Travis asks.

"Horrdeous, I swear I'm drowning in essays. Everyone wants a three-foot essay on something."

"Do you know what you want to do when you graduate?" Hadrian asks.

“I want to get a mastery in warding.”

“Warding?” Violet asks. “I was under the impression that Hogwarts doesn’t teach warding.”

“It doesn’t. I’ve been self-studying it. But since the teachers haven’t given us a break, I haven’t had much time to look over it. I had to beg my parents to let me come today. They wanted me to keep studying.”

“What subjects do you take now?” Alyssa asks.

“The core subjects and then runes and arithmancy,” Julian says.

“Why those? I’ve heard divination and care of magical creatures is loads easier,” Violet asks.

“Yes, but warding requires some knowledge of runes and arithmancy. Also, I’m not a descendant of a seer so divination is useless for me. I’m also not really interested in magical creatures so care wouldn’t be the best choice.”

“Oh,” Violet replies.

“Hey, Ellen, how did you do with your OWL?” Hadrian asks.

“I got an O in all the core subjects plus Latin, Spanish, French, and Russian. I got an EE in runes, arithmancy, and healing,” she replies after a moment.

“Are you continuing in all those subjects?” Blaise asks.

“Yep. I’m self-studying history though.”

“Because of Binns?” Alyssa asks.

“Yep.”

“Did you self-study all the languages and healing?” Violet asks. Ellen nods. “That sounds like a lot of work.”

“Not really, our mother is fluent in Spanish and Russian, and our father is fluent in French. The only thing Ellen needed to study was Latin.”

“So, um, second years, what electives are you planning on taking?” Julian asks.

“I’m going to take runes and arithmancy,” Draco says.

“Same,” Theo adds.

“Me too,” Hadrian answers.

“I think the better question would be who isn’t taking runes and arithmancy,” Travis says.

“Well, I’m taking runes and care,” Millicent says.

“Same,” Daphne adds.

“So the rest of you are taking runes and arithmancy?” Tristan asks. The rest of the second years nod.

~Meanwhile, at the Burrow~

Percy Weasley’s POV -

“MUUUUMMMM! Fred and George pranked me!” Ron yells, rushing down the stairs to the kitchen where their mother is making dinner. Percy looks up from the desk at the side of the living room. Ron has green and silver hair with green polka dots all over his clothes. *Why didn’t I go up to my room again? Right, because Ron was up there.*

“FRED! GEORGE! GET DOWN HERE NOW!” Their mother yells. A few thumps could be heard before the twins appeared at the bottom of the stairs. “Fix your brother this instant!” Percy resists the urge to roll his eyes. He knows that prank. This happened earily that summer because Ron was snooping around the twins room. He probably tried to open something and got pranked as punishment. *You would think he would learn.*

“We”

“Didn’t”

“Prank”

“Him,” The twins say, switching back and forth.

Despite what most people believe, Percy had a pretty good relationship with most of his family (everyone but Ron and Ginny). Percy was also more observant than most people would like to admit.

If everyone thinks you're not paying attention because you have your head in a book, then they are more likely to let their guard down. The ruthless rule-following prefect is a great reputation to have when the twins are your siblings. Teachers always believe you, so getting the twins out of trouble is easier than expected. Of course, you have to throw the twins in detention every now and then to keep the facade up. Though it's not all a facade, Percy does like books, and getting good grades. The point is, that the twins only go back and forth with people they don't like. And it's not hard to find a reason as to why their mother is on that list.

"Don't lie to me! I know you did this to your brother! Fix it!" Mother demands.

"Mother, the pot is over boiling," Percy says.

"Huh?" Molly turns to face the stove. "Oh no, oh no, oh no," she says running over to the bubbling pot, quickly turning off the heat. "The point is boys, fix your brother!"

"We"

"Can't"

"Fix"

"It"

"Because"

"We"

"Didn't"

"Do"

"It" The twins say, switching back and forth again. Percy gives them a look. They know exactly what Ron did, they know how to fix it. They just won't as punishment to Ron. Their mother looks at them.

"You two are grounded until you fix your brother!" Their mother yells.

"Grounded, what are they grounded for?" A voice asks as the door opens, revealing their two older brothers, Bill and Charlie.

"Until they fix their brother," Their mother says stubbornly.

“How do you know that they did it?” Charlie asks.

“Because they always do it,” Their mother replies.

“So you just blame them because it's convenient,” Charlie says.

“No! I blame them because I am right!” Their mother yells. Charlie opens his mouth to say something else, but Bill gives him a look to drop it. The two of them along with Percy and the twins set up the tables for dinner. Ron goes back up to his room.

“So, where’s Ginny?” Bill asks.

“She’s upstairs in her room, probably sulking over Hadrian,” Fred says.

“Isn’t she a bit young to have a boyfriend?” Charlie asks.

“Hadrian isn’t her boyfriend, he’s the unlucky boy Ginny is stalking,” George corrects.

“Yeah, she has a scrapbook of pictures of Hadrian, it’s really creepy,” Fred adds.

Just then, the floo flares. Percy looks at the clock on the wall with all their names on spoons and sees Dad’s spoon move from in transit to home.

“Dad’s home,” Percy says.

“Hello boys,” Dad calls out from the fireplace, receiving various greetings in return. “Would you happen to know where your mother is?”

“The kitchen,” Bill says. Dad nods and goes to the kitchen.

~Back at Malfoy Manor~

Hadrian’s POV -

“So, who is the worst DADA teacher you’ve had?” Blaise asks.

“Lockhart,” Travis says immediately.

“You think Lockhart was bad, we had this one teacher who just had us

reading the entire time. At least Lockhart was teaching something. And the worst part is that he gave a detention to anyone who made a sound. One time, he gave someone a detention for breathing too loud," Hunter says. "Horrendous teacher."

"You think he was bad? We had a teacher who expected us to be there five minutes early, waiting outside by the time the bell rang. If we weren't there when he walked outside, we got a detention and he took 20 points. He was insane," Ellen said.

Suddenly, there was a commotion on the other side of the ballroom. Blaise looked at Draco, who looked at Hadrian. The group heads towards the commotion. A large crowd gathered around an opening in the wall. Draco almost tripped on a piece of debris. At the center of the crowd was Lucius, Narcissa, Mad-Eye Moody, and some aurors.

"Draco, floo Madam Bones, tell her what's going on," Hadrian says. Draco nods and runs off.

"What on Earth is going on? Why have you broken into our manor?" Narcissa asks. You could hear the furry in her voice. Behind the hole in the wall, you could see a large hole in the wards.

"We are here to arrest everyone on suspicion of this being a Death Eater gathering," Moody says with a slight smirk on his face.

"Death Eater meeting? We are hosting a party like we do every year," Narcissa says.

"Please, we all know its a cover-up for a Death Eater gathering," Moody snarls.

"How dare you," she says.

"What is the meaning of this!?" Madam Bones yells from the crowd, which parts for her. Draco rejoins the group. "What are you doing here Moody?"

"They are holding a Death Eater meeting!" He accuses, pointing at Lucius.

"Yes, a Death Eater meeting with almost 3/4s of the Wizengamot present plus their families," Madam Bones says sarcastically. "Aurors, you will follow me."

Madam Bones leads them out of the manor through the hole.

“Everyone, I hope you had fun tonight. Please use the floo to go home, and we hope you enjoy the rest of your night,” Lucius says. Everyone starts to leave, including Hadrian after quick goodbyes to his friends.

~The Next Day~

~Malfoy Manor~

Hadrian flooed to Malfoy Manor. Stepping out of the fireplace, he sees an elf.

“Master Hadrian Peverell-Potter, please come this way,” the elf says. Hadrian followed the elf to the living room, where there was a stack a presents. The Malfoys were all on one couch. Marvolo was sharing a couch with Severus. And Antonin was sitting on a sofa.

“Hello Hadrian,” Marvolo greets.

“Hello,” Hadrian replies while taking the empty seat.

“I should probably give you this now before he spoils the suprise,” Severus says, He got up and pulled out a box. Hadrian unwraps the box and inside is a green snake with black dots scattered around the body.

“It’s a boomslang,” Severus says. “What are you going to name it?”

[image]

“Jörmungandr, or Jormy for short,” Hadrian said after pausing for a moment. Marvolo gives him a look.

After about an hour, everyone has opened their presents. Hadrian got Severus a potions book from the Chamber of Secrets which was translated from parseltounge as well as some of the shed basilisk skin. Marvolo was given a wand holder made from basilisk skin and crafted by the goblins. Hadrian gave Lucius robes, and Narcissa a scarf which he crocheted. Draco was given an enchanted communication bracelet that Hadrian had a matching pair of. Antonin got some old books Hadrian dug out of his vault. Hadrian got books and a new set of sets from the group. He also got chocolates from quite a few people and a Weasley sweater.

When Hadrian was going to touch the Weasley sweater, his ring

heated up. Severus cast a spell on the sweater and found it riddled with compulsions. Marvolo then cast spells on all the chocolates, which still had their cards attached, and found most of them to contain a love potion or two.

Lucius had an elf take them away for later so Hadrian could press charges. All in all, it was a pretty fun day.

Chapter End Notes

"Sometimes, you will never know the value of a moment until it becomes a memory." - Dr. Seuss
I'm gonna try to post the last Friday of every month, but if I miss one, I apologize in advance.
Have a great day and please let me know if there are any mistakes.

# Setting the Stage

Chapter Summary

> As the title would implies, this chapter is mostly about setting up some parts of the plot for the next chapter so this chapter is a bit sorter than the others.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

~The Next Day~

~Ministry Holding Cells~

Albus Dumbledore's POV -

Albus practically ran through the halls of the Ministry, heading to Moody's cell. The Aurors on duty let him into the holding area without a second thought. Now, Albus stands outside of Moody's cell. The bars and barriers separating the two. Inside the cells were worn and dirty. A musty bed, sink, and toilet were the only things in the cell besides Moody,

"What were you thinking!?" Albus practically yells. "Are you insane!?"

"I was trying to solve our pest problem," Moody growls.

"And if you had consulted me or done on any other day, that would have been fine. But like a fool, you choose the one day when ¾ of the Ministry was there. Cornelius and Amelia are out for your blood, as well as most of the Wizengamot. Not to mention Voldemort and his followers. To put it lightly, you really messed up. Ted tells me that when the Malfoys take you to court because they will, you have no case. You are screwed and will be charged guilty. The best we can do it try to get a reduced sentence and prevent them from using veritaserum," Albus explains.

"Really? That's the best you can do?"

"I'm afraid so. Ted will be by later to talk to you about a plea deal." With that, Albus walked away from the cell.

~The Burrow~

Fred's POV -

Fred and George were minding their own business. They happily experimented in their room using ingredients they got from Diagon Alley and gifted to them from Hadrian. Hadrian also sent them some money to start their pranking business early. Though they initially wanted to reject the money, they decided to take him on as their first investor. Once they got back to school, they would start selling their creations. They had made portable swamps, the creaming yo-yo, whiz-bangs, and a bunch of sweets which made people look sick so they could get out of class early. They were going to make a ton of money with these profits and would send Hadrian 20% for believing in them and their products. Overall, things were going pretty well.

"HOW DARE HE!!!" The duo heard their harpy of a mother yell.

"Please Mollywobbles, please calm down. I'm sure if we talk to him, everything will sort itself out," They heard Dad say.

"He?" Fred asks George, who shrugs. The twins head down the creaky stairs into the living room where their mother and father are.

"What's"

"Going"

"On?" The twins ask, going back and forth.

"That brat is charging us with using a love potion on his gifts. How dare he! He should be grateful we got him anything at all!" Their mother yelled.

"Who?" The twins ask at the same time.

"Lord Hadrian Peverell-Potter is pressing charges against us for attempting to use a love potion on him as well as multiple other compulsions," Dad explains calmly.

Fred and George stare at their mother.

~Malfoy Manor~

Hadrian's POV -

Hadrian enters Lucius' study. Marvolo, Severus, and Antonin were sitting on the couches inside the study, with Lucius sitting by the desk. Hadrian took a seat and served himself some tea.

"So, how's the permanent polyjuice going?" Marvolo asks.

"So far so good, we are trying to get it to last as long as possible," Severus replies.

"When do you think we can use it?"

"You can use it now actually," Hadrian says. "It would last a month, and since there are some Azkaban guards loyal to use, it wouldn't be too hard to have them give the muggles the potion once a month."

"In that case, we'll do it tonight," Marvolo says. The others in the room nod.

"I'll let everyone know," Lucius says.

"Narcissa and the other healers should stay behind to heal them when we get back" Marvolo plans. Hadrian nods.

"We should only bring Death Eaters who can cast a patronus and lots of chocolate," Antonin says. Marvolo nods.

"I have paperwork to do, so I'll see you all later tonight?" Hadrian asks.

"I thought you said you were done?" Severus asks.

"Yes, but I swear that pile grows every time I leave the room." Lucius nods in agreement.

"See you guys later," Hadrian says before flooing home.

***AN - Hadrian won't go with Marvolo and the rest of the Death Eaters because he doesn't know how to cast a patronus yet.***

~Later that day~

At 11:00 PM exactly, a group of 20 death eaters appeared to the docks which was closest to Azkaban. They planned to take a boat to the island prison after getting the muggle criminals from a warehouse nearby.

About 30 minutes later, the death eaters returned with their fellow death eaters in tow. Narcissa and the rest of the healers immediately got to work with healing the injured.

Hadrian stood in a corner, watching the death eaters. Severus joined him after getting checked over by a medic.

“Everything went well?” Hadrian asks. Severus nods.

“Marvolo already introduced you as his heir,” Severus mentions. Hadrian nods.

~The Next Day~

Hermione Granger’s POV -

Hermione stood outside Headmaster Dumbledore’s office. She spent Winter Break at Hogwarts and she was miserable. No one but the teachers wanted to talk to her. She couldn’t any books from the library (or even enter it) and was bored out of her mind. Her only presents that year were from the Weasleys, Dumbledore, and her parents. All the other students avoided her, including her roommates. The room was a mess since the elves stopped cleaning it. And while she did want the house elves to stand up for themselves by staging a protest, it was annoying to have to clean a room that big.

Headmaster Dumbledore would be able to fix everything.

“They broke them out?” Headmaster Dumbledore exclaims from behind the door. Hermione leans closer to the door. “Why didn’t you warn me?”

“Because it was a last-minute thing,” a voice from the fireplace says. “I didn’t have time to tell you and by the time we came back, it was 11:30 at night, I wasn’t going to try and wake you up.”

Headmaster Dumbledore let out a long sigh. “Thank you for telling me my boy.” Hermione knocks on the door. “Come in.”

“Headmaster Dumbledore,” Hermione greets him.

“Hermione, what can I do for you?” Hermione stared into the wall next to the Headmaster. Should I tell him that I heard?

“Who broke out of what?”

“Sorry?”

“I overheard you talking with someone in the floo. They said that people broke out. Who and what did they break out of?”

“Well, the people who broke out were the Death Eaters-”

“And they got out of Azkaban!?”

“Yes.”

“We have to tell people!”

“No, we don’t.”

“Why not!?”

“Because they won’t believe us.”

“But!”

“No buts Hermione. We must have evidence that they escaped.”

“But won’t the guards notice?”

“Maybe, but my spy was unable to find out how they hide that the death eaters have escaped. Right now it is best to wait.”

“Okay, Headmaster.”

“Is there anything else you need my dear?”

“Is there any way for you to unban me from the library?”

“I’m afraid not.”

“Why not? I have a right to those books just as much as anyone else!”

“The board has dictated that you can’t go into the library. I have tried but can’t change their mind. And no note I send Mr. Harris will pursue him otherwise.”

“So those blood purists want to keep me from learning!”

“I suppose so.”

“When I’m minister, I’ll get them all thrown in Azkaban and make sure they stay there,” Hermione says.

“I’m sure you will. Is there anything else you need?”

“I guess not.”

“Then you best get going. Wouldn’t want you to waste your winter break talking with me.”

“Right, I’ll get going.”

William Harris’ POV -

That Granger girl was the most annoying person on the planet. Every day since he got his job as a librarian she has tried to access the library, despite being resolutely told that she wasn’t allowed to. William was tempted to employ the Weasley twins to keep her from getting to the library. He had more than enough money to spare.

Then there was the two youngest Weasleys. Both were clearly getting books for Granger, seeing as their grades were notoriously bad. William would be surprised if they could even read. They had no idea how to act in a library. Always talking loudly and leaving books everywhere, despite there being a basket for books right at the end of all the shelves. How they miss the baskets that are always brimming with books when they enter, speaks volumes on there spatial awareness.

All three of them were the most annoying students out there. Even the first years are better, and they’re first years.

William went through his mail for the day, on the top of the stack was a letter with a familiar symbol on it. The one behind it had the symbol of the Ministry stamped onto the seal.

Dear Lord William Harris,

The Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge would like to speak with you at the next Wizengamot session. If you can not make it, please write back soon.

Thank you.

Why does the Minister want to meet with me? I suppose he might want me to spy on Dumbledore for him. But why now?

Chapter End Notes

"When everything seems to be going against you, remember that the airplane takes off against the wind, not with it." - Henry Ford. Like I said in the previous chapter, I will try to post the next chapter on the last Friday of September. If there are any mistakes, please let me know. Have a good day!

# The Ceiling Comes Crashing Down

Chapter Summary

When everything goes wrong, for Dumbledore.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ted Tonks' POV -

Sometimes, just sometimes, Ted wanted to kill his fellow members from the former Order of the Phoenix. Make no mistake, they are great friends. Molly's delicious cooking made him feel like he was back home with his parents whenever he ate it. Moody was a powerful auror who trained his daughter and was like that overly paranoid uncle everyone had. You know, the one who is always raving about Aliens coming to attack the planet. But you're putting out 10 fires at once, you get pretty annoyed, pretty fast.

Moody acting like an absolute fool, got him arrested, and now, as a favor to Dumbledore and to his friend, he had to get him pardoned, somehow. Or a plea deal. But with the way things are going, being granted a plea deal or a pardon was not in the picture. The Malfoys were out for blood. And with Lord Malfoy being a lawyer himself, it's only a matter of time before Moody ends up in Azkaban along with all those Death Eaters he threw in there.

And Molly? Molly was a train wreck waiting to happen. Her overbearing nature and stubbornness led her to where she is today. Madam Bones is desperate to get her hands on a warrant to search the Burrow and is only one meeting away from getting it. And Ted, he couldn't do anything about it. If he did, it would look suspicious, which would only encourage Madam Bones.
Ted was fighting a war that he was losing. And there was no hero in shining armor coming to save him from the hole he dug. All he could do now was try to salvage what was left of the destruction. Maybe Moody could get off with house arrest or parole. After all, he was a war hero. Molly was doomed for Azkaban unless the one charing her, Hadrian Peverell-Potter, saw fit to help her. However, that was more unlikely than being able to pass through the sun in one piece.

Third Person POV -

The next morning, there was a new author featured on the front page of the Daily Prophet, Qubblier, and Witch Weekly.

**Hogwarts, Losing Their Touch?**
**By Veritas**

Since its founding, Hogwarts has been a pillar of learning The brainchild of Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin, has given birth to geniuses for centuries. Teaching the likes of Newton Scamander, and Severus Snape, both considered geniuses in their respective fields. But has time changed the Hogwarts we all once knew?

Since Albus Dumbledore took the helm of the great school, everything has been going downhill, particularly in one subject. History of Magic. Since he became headmaster, the history OWL score has been the lowest in history. The average in the past year was poor, with most students choosing to drop the class despite there not being a required score for the class.

History of Magic is considered by many to be one of the most important subjects. Yet in the very institution, we are sending our kids to, they failing in that class. Perhaps, the fault does not lie with the children, but rather the teacher.
According to reports, Cuthbert Binns has been the History of Magic teacher since Dumbledore became headmaster. He is reportedly the most boring teacher there, droning on and on without end. Maybe now is the time to change the guard. He has been given 50 years to prove he is a component teacher, and has failed.

We were silent before, giving him the benefit of doubt for far too long. Now is the time to be proactive in our children's lives.

Alone we can do so little, together we can do so much.

Hadrian's POV -

Hadrian was once again in his formal robes, sitting down in the Wizengamot. Moody's trial was today and would be a sight to see. There was reason after all, why you don't mess with the Malfoys. And Moody, he was going to learn why.
The Minister entered into the chamber, with Umbridge following closely behind. He sat by the gavel and banged it, being the trail. Moody was brought in. He was wearing the same thing he wore the night he was arrested. A tan coat, cackies, and a polo.
"Lord Malfoy, the floor is yours," The Minister said. Lucius nodded.

"As I'm sure many of you saw that night, Mr. Moody barged into my home, without a warrant, and reason. He trespassed on my property and abused his status as an Auror to get back at me for being a political enemy."
"Mr. Tonks?" The Minister asks, giving the floor to the man.

"While Mr. Moody did do all of the things Lord Malfoy said, he understands his mistake and thus would like to take a plea deal. House arrest for a reasonable amount of time of 5 years. To send him to Azkaban would be like sending him to his death, as many of the Death Eaters he captured, are sentenced to life there."

"Lord Malfoy, do you accept that deal?" The Minister asks.

"I refuse. Instead, I propose he spend either 5 years in medium security, or 10 in low."

"7 years in low."

"Acceptable."

"In that case, Aurors, please escort Mr. Moody to the low-security cells in Azkaban," Madam Bones ordered them from her seat in the Wizengamot. The Aurors grabbed Moody and took him to Azkaban.

~Later that Day~

"Did you read the books I gave you?" Marvolo asks. Hadrian nods.

“Wonderful, in that case, please cast one of the spells you learned on that dummy over there.”

“*Mutatio Skullus*” Hadrian cast. Several other heads grew out of the dummies before exploding.

“Very good. You purposely used too much magic to make the heads explode, right?”

“Yep.”

“Smart.”

“Anyway, would you like to have our annual game of chess now or later?”

“Now would be nice.”
“Alright.” Marvolo wordlessly and wandlessly summoned a chess set, table, chairs, and some food.

“You read that book about chess I hope.”

“Yep. Though I’m still hopeless at this game compared to you."

“You just need practice.”

“So you keep saying.”

“It’s true.”

After a short game of chess that swiftly ended in Marvolo’s victory, Hadrian and Marvolo went over chess strategies and did some general scheming.

Fred's POV -

~At the Burrow~

The day was going great like normal. Fred and George woke up at 5 in the morning, had a quick breakfast, and were on their merry way experimenting with new ideas and potions.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Fred looked at George. The duo runs down the stair into the living room. Where they see their mother at the door, in front of some people in long dark tan jackets.

"Mrs. Margret Weasly and Ms. Ginerva Weasley. You two are under arrest for attempting to use love and compulsion potions. We have a warrant to search the house. Everyone needs to get out of the house, now, or risk being charged with obstructing justice," One of the Aurors said. An auror behind Molly mouthed something to her.

With that announcement, all the Weasleys evacuated the burrow, with Molly turning red with anger and Aurther trying to comfort her. The only reason she wasn't yelling was because she was under a silencing charm after trying to spell one of the Aurors. Ginny was crying a river right next to her mother.

George went up to the Aurors and warned them about their room. No need to get arrested because of a few pranks. Percy was sitting on the lawn reading without a care in the world and Ron was chomping down on food, like always.

Third Person POV-

~Hogwarts Board Meeting Room~

The governors of Hogwarts were all sitting in their chairs, waiting for one man to start the meeting. The one man who was always late, and dressed atrociously. That man, of course, if Albus Dumbledore. And when Dumbledore entered the room, he wasn't aware of the fact that he was walking to his death. Not literally of course.

"Albus Dumbledore, why in a million years did you think it was okay to keep a ghost on the staff?" Samuel Parkison, one of the governors asks

.
"He is a wonderful teacher," Dumbledore responds.

"He has the highest drop rate, even higher than potions, which requires an O to get into." Christopher Newman said.

"And he has the lowest grades." Amber Zabini said.

"That's just children being children," Alexander Millys says.

"That doesn't matter. Simply put, he is an incompetent teacher. And we demand you fire him," Lucius Malfoy says.

"I can't possibly fire him after all he's done for us over the years," Dumbledore answers.

"You mean making our children fail his class?" Abraham Markeley asks.

"He has been loyal to Hogwarts for so many years," Dumbledore answered.

"Loyalty is worthless when it hurts the very same people it is supposed to be helping," Erasmus Grenefeld said.

"The point is, that we order you to fire Binns and find someone to exorcist his before we do it ourselves. We aren't here to argue with

you. You will do it or you will find yourself without a job." Malfoy says plainly.

"Anything else?" Dumbledore asks warily.

"Yes, actually," Zabini says. "Why have you not approved any clubs?"

"Pardon?"

"The Dance Club, the Music Club, the Chess Club, the Cooking Club, the Yoga Club, the Book Club, and so on have all given you numerous applications, yet you reject them all. Why?" Parkison asks.

"Because the children have very busy schedules and I do not wish to overwhelm them," Dumbledore says quickly.

"Please, they have 4 classes a day for an hour each plus lunch. Entering a club or two would still leave them with more than enough time for homework," Markeley says plainly.

"I agree," Malfoy says, "which is why we are approving the clubs now, not you. You will have no power over them."

"What?" Aquila Braunstone asks. "We don't have the power to do that!"

"Aquila is right. We don't. Plus, what clubs do and do not get approved has always been at the headmaster's discretion. Why change it now?" Millys interrupts.

"It doesn't matter what you two think. You have been outvoted. We will be doing that now." Zabini said, ending the conversation there. "That is all Dumbledore. Go and find an exorcist and a new history teacher."

Chapter End Notes

This has absolutely nothing to do with the chapter but I like it so "To the world you may be one person, but to one person you may be the world" - Dr. Seuss
Also, "Alone we can do so little, together we can do so much" - Helen Keller
Have a great day and please let me know if there are any errors.

# That One Nightmare Teacher

Chapter Summary

The title says it all.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry I posted to the wrong story so this is a little late. I will try to catch my mistakes if I do it again.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hadrian's POV -

Hadrian and the rest of the second-year Slytherins entered the DADA classroom a few minutes before the bell. Inside, there were desks with two chairs on one side with a chalkboard in the front of the room. Next to the board, was a desk with a blonde-haired teacher sitting there, grading. Lucius glanced up before going back to his work.

The Slytherins split of into pairs, Hadrian with Draco, Theo with Blaise, Vincent with Greg, Pansy with Daphene, and Millicent with Tracey. Just as the bell rang, a blurs of red came rushing in and quickly took their seats.

"Now that you all are here. Please hand in your homework. Then, take out your textbook and turn to page 54," Lucius said. The next few minutes were filled with shuffling as people things in and out of their bags. The door slammed open, a huff coming from the door.

"Mr. Weasley, Ms. Granger, 20 points from Gyrffindor for being late, Please take you seats," Lucius says coldly.

"But sir! We were coming from the duengons and your classroom is on the seventh floor! It's impossible to get here on time!" Granger

protested, loudly.

“Your housemates get here on time. Do they not also have classes in the duengons with you?”

“But they run in the halls and break the rules to get here faster.”

“But do they get here on time?”

“Well-”

“Ms. Granger, do they or do they not get here on time?”

“They do,” she replies, meekly.

“They why can you and Mr. Weasley not?”

“Snape always holds us late!” Weasley yells, fianlly losing his temper.

“I do not care what Professor Snape does, it is your responisblity to get here on time, am I understood?”

“You just want us to get in trouble because I’m a muggleborn!” Granger yells.

“Oh please. Granger, you play the victim so much I’m surprised you don’t carry around your own body chalk,” Draco says.

“Ms. Granger, even if Draco came through the door into my classroom well after the bell, he would lose 10 points, just like every other student that walks into my classroom late. Whether they are muggleborn, half-blood, or pureblood. Now, take your seat so you and Mr. Weasley can get caught up. Oh, and you have detention with Flich for arguing with me and wasting precious class time.”

The rest of the class went relatively well. Granger and Weasley acted like the idiots they are, but other than that, class was great.

At the end of the class, Lucius dismissed the group and everyone slowly emptied out of the room.

“So, Harry, do you want to go to the library to do homework together?” Granger asks. Hadrian looks at her for a second, before continuing with his friends in the opposite direction.

“Hey, Harry! Don’t just ignore her!” Weasley yells. When Hadrian and the other Slytherins keep walking, the duo of fools chase after them. Weasley grabs Hadrian’s arm. Hadrian quickly pulls it out.

“Will you stop grabbing my arm, or trying to hang out with me,” Hadrian snaps.

“Well if you stopped ignoring me, I wouldn’t have too!” Weasley says loudly, drawing the stares and whispers of a few passerbys.

“For the last time, I don’t want to be your friend, or even your acquaintance for that matter. Leave me alone.”

“Let’s go Hadrian, the idiot bergade will have to get to their next class soon. And for that matter, so do we,” Draco said. Hadrian nodded.

“Hey! Wait for us!” Granger yells.

“Yeah! We’ll walk with you!” Weasley yells down the corridor.

“Weasley, you have two brain cells, and they are fighting over third place,” Blaise shot back. “Leave us alone.”

And with that, the group of snakes hurried off to their next class, History of Magic.

The snakes enter the room and look up to see no a floating Professor Binns, but a woman with black hair and dark brown eyes. The bell rings seconds later, with no Gryffindors in sight.

“Alright, now to introduce myself. I am-”

The Gryffindors burst into the room, quickly taking their seats. The professor just stands there.

“Hello all, I am Andromeda Tonks, and I will be you History of Magic professor from this point forward. First thing first, I will be putting you in a seating chart. So everyone, please get up.” With that, the students got up and moved themselves to the edges of the room. The Gryffindors on one side, and the Slytherins on the other.

Slowly, one after the other, Professor Tonks put them into seats of her

choosing. By the end, Hadrian ended up with Granger on his left and Weasley on the right. He was the only Slytherin on the left side of the room. The only one wearing green in a sea of red. Surrounded by Gryffindors on every side. *It's going to be a long class* .

Throughout the period, Hadrian was corrected several times when answering questions by the girl sitting next to him, hit so many times Hadrian was tempted to use the new curses Marvolo taught him, and had his notes scribbled over with more of Granger's handwriting than his own. Hadrian was also the only Slytherin who was called. The rest ignored like they didn't even exist. And when Hadrian did answer a question, he never got points for it. Unlike the Gryffindors who got points for breathing. When the bell rang, Hadrian let out a sigh and quickly went over to the other Slytherins. They all stayed back and waited for the Gryffindors to leave. He ignored Granger and Weasley saying they'd wait outside for them.

When the room cleared, Hadrian approached the desk.

"Professor Tonks," Hadrian said.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" She asked impatiently.

"I would like for you to change my seat."

"Why?"

"Because I dislike my seatmates and would like to have it moved. It is also incredibly uncomfortable being the only Slytherin in a sea of Gryffindors while the other Slytherins are stuck in the back corner like you are hiding them from view."

“That is incredibly rude of you to say to your fellow classmates and to me. 20 points from Slytherin and you have a detention with me Mr. Potter tomorrow.”

“It’s Peverell-Potter.”

“No, your last name is Potter.”

“No, it’s Peverell-Potter. I would appreciate if you could remember that.”

“It’s just a name. What does it matter?” Professor Tonks says dimissivly.

“But it’s my name. I matters to me.”

“Whatever, if that all, you can go,” Professor Tonks says, shooing them off.

Hadrian and the rest of the group leave. “House meeting tonight,” Hadrian says. The others nod and break off into pairs to spread the news. After all, it was never safe walk around as a Slytherin alone.

~Later that day~

All the Slytherins went directly to the common room after dinner. Severus lurked in the far corner of the room, out of sight to most, the black on his robes merging with the shadows. Lucius was there with him. Hadrian called them both their after telling the second year

Slytherins.

“How many of you have History of Magic yet?” Hadrian asks.

The seventh years, fifth years, and second years raised their hands.

“How many of you were put in the corner like a dirty secret and ignored?”

The hands stayed up.

“You can put your hands down.” The hands dropped. “For those who don’t know. Our new professor is Andormeda Tonks. And she has a grudge against Slytherin. I don’t know why but she does not like us. I wouldn’t be surprised if she tries to mark against us on our homework as well. I called this meeting as a warning to you guys who didn’t have her yet, and to ask if there is anything we can do about it.” Hadrian looks directly at the two teachers in the corner.

“You could file a compliant against the board,” Lucius says.

“How would we do that?”

“You would have to record everything, mainly the homework that is marked against you if she does that. Keep everything. Every test, quiz, and paper she gives back to you. The fact that she isn’t awarding Slytherins any points will be tracked automatically. But you would need more proof than that to fire her. Particularly because she is in Dumbledore’s pocket.”

“Everyone got that?” Hadrian asks. Noises of affirmation were made throughout the common room. “In that case, everyone have a good night. Professor Snape, could I speak with you for a moment?” Severus nods.

After everyone disperses, Hadrian meets Severus in his corner.

“I have a detention with her tomorrow. I was wondering if I could transfer it over to you?”

“Sure. I’ll do it tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you.” Severus nods.

~The next day, after dinner~

Hadrian heads down the Severus’ office with Draco and Blaise in tow. The two drop Hadrian off at Severus’ office before leaving the to the common room. Hadrian tells the former head of Slytherin to tell Severus that he was there. Moments later, the portrait hole swings open and Hadrian walks in.

“Hadrian, I was thinking we could have tea. You could do your homework and I could grade paper,” Severus says. Hadrian nods and sits by the table before pulling out his homework.

The rest of the night was spent with Hadrian scribbling away and Severus slashing away at the pile of papers he had on his desk.

Chapter End Notes

"Develop enough courage so that you can stand up for yourself and then stand up for somebody else." - Maya Angelou
Have a great day and please let me know if there are any mistakes.

# Issues, so many issues

Chapter Summary

> Some Black family history, and Draco has made quite a mess for Hadrian and himself.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hadrian's POV -

~Flashback - One day during the summer break at 12 Grimmauld Place~

Hadrian stared at the large tapestry that covered hundreds of generations. At the bottom was Pollux Black, who married Irma Crabble, which would make him and Vincent very, very, very, distant cousins. They had 3 children—Walburga, who was currently a portrait in the hallway. Hadrian got a headache remembering her screeches. Eventually, Hadrian managed to shut her up long enough to explain everything, which then instantly turned Walburga into a “loving grandmother”, if you ignore her long rants about his godfather, Sirius, and how his dead uncle Reglulas, would have been a better godfather. But then again, Hadrian guessed, that was just the Black family madness.

Next to her was Alphard Black, who had blast marks next to his face, so Hadrian guessed someone (Walburga) probably blasted Alphard’s picture, but over time the portrait repaired itself. Connected to Alphard’s picture, was Cygnus Black, who married Druella Rosier. They had 3 daughters.

Bellatrix Lestrange was the eldest. She was married to Rodolphus Lestrange. Next to her is Andromeda Tonks. There were blast marks next to her face, so Hadrian guessed her portrait got the same treatment as Alphard’s. Andromeda married Ted Tonks and had their daughter Nymphadora Tonks. Hadrian heard she was an auror and

that Ted was a lawyer.

Next to Andromeda, was Narcissa Malfoy. She is married to Lucius Malfoy, and their son, Draco is connected to the tree.

“Hey Kreacher,” Hadrian called out.

“Yes Master Hadrian?” Kreacher asks, popping into existence. Hadrian had finally managed Kreacher to call him Hadrian, after a long chat with the old elf.

“Why was Andromeda blasted off the tree?”

“She’s breaks marriage contract. Could have ended bad if not for Mistress Narcissa.”

“What do you mean?”

“Perhaps I could explain this?” Walburga cuts in, sounding remarkably sane for someone Hadrian knew was prone to long, insane rants about family members she didn’t like. Hadrian stepped out into the hallway.

“Okay.”

“Lucius and Andromeda were born the same year, in 1953. The marriage contract for them was originally for Bellatrix and another Malfoy, however, was madly in love with Rodolphus at the time. So we talked with the Malfoys and we moved it to Lucius and Andromeda. Then we made one with the Legstranges for Bellatrix.”

“Why did you make another?”

“It’s insurance so to speak. It ensures that Rodolphus won’t dump Bella at any point and that they are serious about their relationship. That it wasn’t a fling. Anyway, when Andromeda went to Hogwarts, she presumably fell in love with that muggleborn. Lucius and she were set to have a wedding 2 years after they graduated from Hogwarts. A week before the wedding, she and that muggleborn eloped together and left the country. Since it was a marriage contract if a family broke it for whatever reason, the other family could ask for anything in reparation within reason. That’s how the Weasleys got their family seats demoted, one of their ancestors broke a marriage contract by getting another woman pregnant even though he was set to marry a Malfoy. The Malfoys demanded that the offender be disowned, and when the Weasleys refused, there was a blood feud declared. The current Weasleys made the situation worse by being infatuated with muggle objects, which ended up with them being declared blood traitors. Narcissa, thankfully stepped up to the plate and married Luicus in Andromeda’s place. We still had to pay the Malfoys a hefty sum for the last-minute change, but at least it all ended fine. The problem with Andromeda and why she ended up disowned, is that she didn’t tell us. Being of the House of Black has some perks. If she didn’t want to marry Lucius or fell in love with that muggleborn and told us, we could have easily changed it to Narcissa. But she chose to leave us in the dark, ignore our letters afterward, and leave one week before the wedding. She was there when Bella got her contract changed. While I may not have approved of her choice of partner, I wasn’t going to stop her from marrying the supposed love of her life. We didn’t even know she was married until her name changed on the tapestry.”

“Oh,” Hadrian said.

~Flashback end~

“What if we called her Professor Black since you know, she famously

hates her family," Blaise suggested.

Hadrian, Theo, and Blaise sat in the second-year common room. Vincent and Greg were in their shared room snacking on candy that they'd saved up from Halloween. Draco was doing quidditch practice, and the girls were all in Pansy's and Daphene's room, probably scheming something. Not that Hadrian, Theo, and Blaise weren't.

"That would fall under disrespecting a teacher, which she could use to invalidate all of our claims, so no can do," Theo said. Hadrian nodded.

"So then what can we do!? There's another month left in the school year and I can't deal with her for that long!" Blaise asks exasperatedly.

"At least you're not the one who has to sit next to the walking encyclopedia and the redhead who calls himself smart," Theo points out.

"For all we know, Dense is smart," Hadrian says. Blaise and Theo stare at him.

"Ronald Weasley, the epitome of stupidity, smart? In what century?" Blaise says sarcastically.

"I'm just saying, while Dense and Ignorant are the most annoying people I've met, and that's saying something considering Lockhart, Dense could be smart. Supposedly he's good at chess," Hadrian adds.

"That's cause everyone else in Gryffindor can't tolerate Dense when he loses," Blaise replies.

“What do you mean?” Hadrian asks.

“You're lucky you’ve never been around Dense when he loses,” Draco cuts in, entering from their shared dorm. “All he does for days on end is moan about losing and demanding a rematch with the opposing party.”

Draco slumps down on a chair in the common room. His hair is slightly damp from coming out of the shower.

“Narcissa would go into full-on lecture mode if she sees you now,” Hadrian says.

“Oh shh. I just had an exhausting quidditch practice with the rest of the team. I have the right to slump in a comfortable chair to relax before dinner.”

“Sure. How do you know how Weasley is when he loses?”

“The better question is how do you not know?” Blaise asks Hadrian.

“Because for the past year, the only other place Hadrian has been besides the common room, classes, and the dorm, is the library. He was buried in a pile of books taller than him, remember?” Theo asks.

“Right, we had to pull him out every day for dinner,” Blaise says.

“Wait, if you were in the library for most of the year, did Thorne join you?” Draco asks.

“Whose Thorne?” Hadrian asks in response.

“You don’t know who Thorne is!?” Blaise almost yells.

“Should I?”

“YES!” All three boys yell.

“Then tell me about him.”

“Edward Thorne was last year's Ravenclaw king,” Draco says.

“Wait, other houses have the crown system?”

“Not really. Gryffindor has abandoned it. They used to have it I think. According to my mum, they had the system but then slowly phased it out. Hufflepuff never really had the crown system. They relied on prefects to keep their students in line. Ravenclaw has the crown system still in place but is far more lax with it. They have the king, the prince, and the prefects. There aren’t any other positions besides those, I think,” Theo explains.

“Okay, so why is it important to know the Raven’s king?”

“Because we have an alliance of sorts with the Ravens. We defend

each other. The Kings of each house meet up at a certain point and talk about any issues they may have with the other house. This way, issues are resolved peacefully and in private, kind of like in the real world," Theo continues.

"Since the Slytherin house is the home of most politicians, we created this system that reflects the old system before the Pendragons stepped down. The era of the Pendragons is an important part of our history and is still somewhat in effect today," Draco says.

"The lordship system," Hadrian says.

"Yep," Blaise responds.

"So, then who talked to Thorne?"

"Probably Rowle, the former Slytherin king, remember him?" Blaise asks. Hadrian nods.

"He probably acted as a regent of you since you were a first year," Draco says thoughtfully.

"So I need to find out who the new Raven King is?"

"I think it's Julian Alfraye. He's a sixth year I think," Theo states. Hadrian nods.

"So I should go and talk to him at some point?" Hadrian asks. Draco, Theo, and Blaise nod.

Draco Malfoy's POV -

Hadrian left to go to the library with Theo. Blaise stared at Draco for a solid minute.

"What?" Draco asks sharply.

"Why did you explain all this stuff to him last year?"

"Who said that was my job?"

"You did."

"What do you mean?"

"When Hadrian said you were his prince. It showed that he trusted you."

"Yeah, everyone got that. What does that have to do with Hadrian not knowing anything about the crown system."

"When he called you his prince, it was understood that you would tell him everything he needed to know, since, you know, his parents aren't exactly here to tell him."

“Oh… I royally screwed up, didn't I.” Blaise nods.

“And since you screwed up…”

“People may start to doubt my place in the hierarchy and his.” Blaise nods. “Guess I better prove them wrong.”

“How might you do that?” Blaise asks, somewhat curious.

“My father gave me some books that should have some good spells in them. That, and I’ll have to try to show the others my worth to our king. In the meantime, you should warn Hadrian.” Blaise nods and runs off to the library, grabbing a pair of Slytherins on the way to the library.

Chapter End Notes

> The Black Family tree I used in the story is from Lexicon. Here’s the link: https://www.hp-lexicon.org/source/other-canon/bft/
>
> “Screwing up is normal. It’s human. It’s what we do after, to make things right, that matters.” - Jennifer Salvato Doktorski
>
> Have a great day and please let me know of any mistakes.

End Notes

Seeing as I don't know what to do with this series, I will put it on Hiatus. I will probably update soon, but not right now. I wish you all have a wonderful day and will probably see you soon.(◕‿◕✿)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!